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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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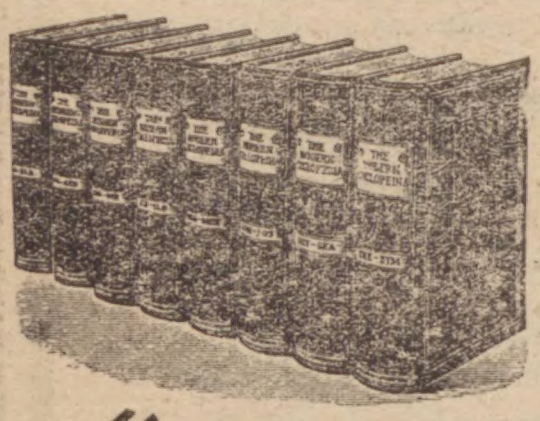

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

98. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

N THE STRENGTH.

RIAGE AND THE SOLDIER.

been said that ours is an Army of . Such, however, is by no means the the lot of the married soldier and is generally a very happy one.

ell, however, that the young soldier, the man who contemplates enlisting, nderstand exactly the conditions re- marriage in the Army.

conditions are not always explained cruiting sergeant.

the exception of warrant-officers, dier must obtain his commanding permission to marry, that is, if he is wife to be placed "on the in other words, the official married- e regiment.

sion to marry will not be granted

ere is a vacancy in the married ent.

e C.O. has satisfied himself as to character.

e soldier, if below the rank of ser-

east £5 in the Post Office Savings

n years service, exclusive of boy's

good conduct badges, or, if a fulfils the conditions for two good adges.

al cases where there is a vacancy, fully-qualified candidate for it, a ualified man may be admitted to the

oldier marries without his C.O.'s r is already married when he enlists, ly afterwards get on the roll by be- ally qualified for it and obtaining approval.

the advantages of being "on the is free quarters, but a soldier is not bring his wife into barracks.

other hand, if he has a home out- barracks, he is not to be given a pass to sleep out, unless he is a ith children, and a very well-con- n.

wife of a married soldier on the guilty of misconduct, the C.O. may r of the benefits—such as grants een or other regimental funds—that from her husband's position on the

German army an officer cannot hout permission of his superiors, ritish officer is under no such re-

that is why so many of them make tches.

C. D. WILKES.

CHEEK.

A patent medicine firm describe their tonic as "A Spa in Your Home." But any two men can enjoy that—with or without gloves.

* * *

A play recently produced in the West-End is "The Eternal Question." But we understand that that question is *not* "Will you have a drink?"

* * *

A writer in the "Daily Mirror" says "It is the small irritations that wear us down." We wouldn't mind betting that those deathless words were penned in a seaside bedroom.

* * *

Women, so we hear, are naturally good deerstalkers. This is because the dears talk so much.

* * *

A writer says that "the Harvest Bug is an artist." Conversely, many people maintain that the average artist is a—well, *some* sort of insect at any rate.

* * *

We understand that Willie Clarkson is a little jealous of Robert Loraine's reputation as an "airman." But, like Mr. Punch's barber, Willie is thinking of "the hair of the hatmosphere."

* * *

The latest hats for women are called "propellers." We hope they won't interfere too badly with the husbands' "screws."

* * *

There is a rumour that Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn intends returning to the stage. This is denied in some quarters; but we all know Edna May.

* * *

We hear that young Frank Wootton is putting on weight. We hope that this is not due to any increase in the size of his head.

* * *

Leather is getting dearer. A rise in the price of steaks is feared by habitués of Soho restaurants.

* * *

Says the "Scots Pictorial": "The actor's art is more to our women-folk than it is to us, because in real life they do a great deal more acting than we do." That is why women make such good "mummers."

* * *

Mr. Hilaire Belloc observes that "No man possessed of irony and using it has lived happily." Possibly for the reason that what is irony is not golden.

* * *

In the revival of "Henry VIII." at His Majesty's the part of Anne Bullen has been allotted to Miss Cowie. We fear that Sir H. B. Tree has been smitten with the "farmyard play" fever.

J. S. COX.

RULES OF BETTING.

THE ETHICS OF THE TURF.

Sharp customers are fond of betting on certainties—I do not mean that great uncertainty, the racing "cert."—but real certainties, when there is no chance of losing.

Such bets, however, under racing law and according to the code of honourable men, are irrecoverable, for the rule is that in all bets there must be a possibility of winning when the bet is made. "You cannot win, when you cannot lose."

As to Turf betting, all bets are P.P.—"play or pay"—with the following exceptions: (1) When the nominator dies before the decision of the race. (2) When the race is postponed to a future date, or the conditions are altered after the bets are made. (3) Bets on matches. (4) Bets made after the running numbers are telegraphed about a horse that does not subsequently come under the starter's orders.

"Bookies," of course, sometimes have their special rules to which clients may agree or not.

In the case of bets made on horses winning so many races within the year, the year shall be understood to mean between January 1st and December 31st.

In the event of a race being ordered to be run over again, starting price bets shall be regulated by the prices current at the time the race was first run. But if a horse does not go to the post a second time then the original bets made about him are lost.

Any bet made from signal or indication when the race has been determined shall be considered fraudulent and void.

The person who lays the odds has the right to choose a horse or the "field." When he has chosen a horse, the field is what starts against him.

All bets on matches, and private sweepstakes depending between any two horses, shall be void if those horses subsequently become the property of the same person, or of his avowed confederates.

Monday is settling day when bets are not paid over at once. The Jockey Club does not directly warn off defaulters, but does when they are reported by the Committee of Tattersall's.

There are, and probably there always will be, some men who cannot, to use a racing phrase, "run straight."

Sometimes they are backers and sometimes they are bookmakers, but their career on the Turf is invariably a short one, for in a sport, where a sense of humour and sportsmanship counts for so much, those lacking it are not to be tolerated—and they are not tolerated.

A. BOLDERSTONE.

CONSCRIPTION

"CHINSTRAP," THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY ON ALL ARMY MATTERS, DISCUSSES THE QUESTION OF COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the average Briton conscription seems a long way off, but it is much closer than he thinks. The Territorial Army is admittedly a failure as an effective fighting force—that is, in the event of a big European war.

This is not the fault of either the officers or men of the Territorial Army, who have done and are willing to do their best.

The Territorial Army is a failure because, in the first place, the period of training is insufficient, in the second place because certain War Office authorities have designedly done their best to make the Territorial Army ineffective.

A STALKING HORSE.

It is not to be supposed that in this the military authorities have been actuated by petty spite. Their position is plain enough. They know that it is grotesquely absurd to attempt to produce by means of two or three weeks' annual training soldiers capable of holding their own against, say, German troops.

Therefore, they have used the Territorial Army as a stalking horse for conscription.

They will soon be able to say to the nation: "It is a mere waste of time and money; you must now choose between conscription or no home defence at all."

The advocates of conscription are divided into two camps—those who favour a short period, say, three months, of annual military training for all able-bodied men between the the ages of, say, eighteen and twenty-five, extending over a term of years, and those who want conscription on Continental lines.

In regard to the first party, no reasonable man will deny that annual military training for all would benefit the nation.

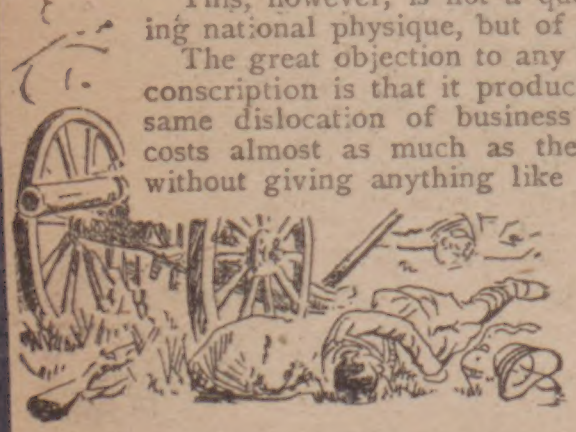
PHYSICAL BENEFITS.

There are far too many physically unfit young men, loafers and shirkers, who never take proper exercise, and who are altogether weak-bodied, and frequently weak-minded as well.

Such men are no good to the nation, and enforced military training is the best and readiest means of setting them up.

This, however, is not a question of improving national physique, but of national defence.

The great objection to any modified form of conscription is that it produces practically the same dislocation of business and so on, and costs almost as much as the genuine article, without giving anything like proportionate results in the way of producing efficient soldiers.



We are too apt to cling to the idea that, as actors say, "it will be all right on the night," that under stress of war half-trained soldiers will suddenly develop into fully-trained ones, but practical experience is all against that view.

SOME FIGURES.

Mankind at large hates conscription, but let us glance at those nations who find it a necessary evil and the terms of service imposed upon the conscript:

	With the Colours.	With the Reserve.
FRANCE	2 years	11 years
GERMANY ...	2 or 3 years	5 or 4 years
JAPAN.....	2 or 3 years	5½ or 4½ years
RUSSIA	3 or 4 years	14 years
AUSTRIA	3 years	7 years
ITALY.....	2 or 3 years	7 or 6 years

In most cases, reserve service is followed by a further period in a national militia, territorial, or volunteer force. These are the general terms of service only, for there are various modifications and exemptions, but the point is that the principal nations having conscription regard two years as the minimum period necessary to produce an efficient soldier, and it is to be presumed that they do not keep a man a day longer than is absolutely necessary.

Therefore, if we are to have conscription, what reason should we have for fixing the period with the Colours at less than two years?

A DILEMMA.

It may be said that our position is different from that of France or Germany, that the Navy is our first line of defence, that we should only fall back on the Territorials or a conscript force as a last resource, and that, therefore, they need not be so highly trained as Continental troops. That argument is a little difficult to follow.

If, as is hinted, we are beaten as a nation the moment our Navy is, then what is the use of having a home defence force at all?

On the other hand, if a disaster to our naval arms is not conclusive, then surely it is certain that it can only be retrieved on land by troops fully equal in point of training and efficiency to those of the foe.

To talk of pitting half-trained men against seasoned warriors is palpably absurd.

Either our Home Defence force is meant to fight or it isn't. In the former case, it is essential that it should be as fully trained as its potential foes; in the latter case, we may as well abolish it at once, for while it may serve a useful purpose in developing national physique, such physical training could be carried out quite as effectively and far more cheaply under civilian auspices.

POSSIBLE DRAWBACKS.

There is much to be said against conscription. It dislocates business and trade, retards progress, is opposed to every sentiment of freedom, and tends to lower the standard of public morality. Yet other nations do pretty well under it.

Then it is said that one volunteer is worth three pressed men, but did the Japanese conscripts show any lack of dash and enthusiasm?

The volunteer serves to suit his own convenience, the conscript because his country commands it. Which should have the higher feeling of a sacred duty performed?

And has real military training no value? Does it not inculcate habits of obedience, punctuality, cleanliness, and self-respect, apart from its physical benefits.

The shadow of conscription is over us, but is there any reason, not selfish and cowardly, why we should dread it?

"CHINSTRAP."

YOUTH AND AGE.

Old and young, we are all on ou cruise.—STEVENSON.

Beautiful friendships between old me young men are by no means unknown

One of the most charming sights on is the elderly father and the youthfu when, as they should be, they are chums best sense of the word.

In such a case familiarity does not contempt. The son may not call his "sir" on every occasion, as sons had in the old days; he does not think twice sitting down uninvited in the "guv'n presence, a liberty which our great-g fathers would have strongly resented there is no lack of real respect.

The exaggerated respect of the old was often mere lip-service. It has way to a real respect founded on manly and devotion.

On the other hand, one of the ugliest in the world is father and son who are so to speak, in tune, but affect a spu familiarity, making coarse fun and tryi "score off" each other.

In general terms, youth and age ar tagonistic, and there are faults on both

The man of seventy is apt to regard one under sixty as an irresponsible The youth of twenty thinks the man of a "back number." And neither one no other troubles to conceal his feelings.

It is well to show solicitude for a man, but it can be overdone. There many hale men of seventy and over, wh active, and pride themselves on it. No annoys them more than to have it ass that they cannot get into a cab without a ance, that they need an arm to lean on upstairs, that they cannot perform the and one little offices of every-day life themselves. Tactful youth never forces services upon age, though he is always to step forward when he sees that he is ne

Tactless youth assumes that age has n terest in youth's pursuits. He talks spo the old man as if he were explaining t to a child.

If you want to get on with children boys never "talk down" to them. And same applies to old men when they entered upon their seventh and last age.

Youth is rather fond sometimes of r to "teach an old dog tricks," and of rel to age as startling novelties things that old in the days B.C. If you want to g with elderly people, it is not a bad pla assume that they know everything.

Age is conservative, intolerant of pro and hates to be reminded that the world moved along since he was born.

Ugly, crabbed old age seeks to de youth's illusions, to throw cold water upo enthusiasms. It is a crime, an unpardon crime.

If youth is always impatient, age is equally so.

Age is sometimes even more selfish youth. He wants everything his own and recks nothing of the convenience of o Not a few homes have been broken u selfish grandparents.

Age is often a limpet, clinging to a pos long after his usefulness therein has depa and selfishly refusing to make room younger men.

Age is often unduly severe upon the of youth. But, nevertheless, youth should resent it. Age, after all, is on the thres of another life, and the approach of all the world over commands respect.

The most terrible memory that a man carry is of unkindness to an old man gone.

M. L. FALLOW

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE INEVITABLE HOUR

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

Mrs. Mullins, lady housekeeper, had knocked twice, but no invitation to come in had resulted, so that at last she poked her severely coiffured head in at the door of the laboratory.

"Sir," she said to Professor Mackesson, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I want a day off. I've got some relations down Putney way and I'd like to see them."

"All right." The Professor watched with some anxiety the contents of a test tube bubbling over a Bunsen burner.

"A day off," Mrs. Mullins went on, "is good for everybody and it ain't a bad change to see your relations, even though you know for Gospel that they *did* take all your poor mother's joolery when she lay a dyin' and you was only a tiny tot so high. I s'pose no one pinched *your* mother's jools?"

The Professor—he was young for such a weighty appellation, although he was a little bent—did not reply. In another minute or so he was expecting an answer to an interesting problem. And it was all contained in that bubbling test tube.

Mrs. Mullins watched him a moment and then desisted from the occupation of unnecessarily wiping her hands.

"There was one thing as I wanted to say, sir."

"Can't you say it later?" asked the Professor.

"No, sir. That I can't. No time like the present, I says. . . . What I was goin' to say, sir, was that if you can't manage to sit down to your lunch at the time arranged, you can't expect it to be nice, can you?"

The Professor did not answer.

"I'm sure that to-day, for instance, the cutlets must have been *quite* cold, and as for the potatoes—well, I wouldn't give a thank-ye to eat cold potatoes."

"I suppose not, Mrs. Mullins," said the Professor, absent mindedly.

"You s'pose not. Well, haven't you anything else to say, sir? It's crool, sir, that's what I call it," she blurted out. "Crool for me to have to give to get your food ready, and then you aren't there to eat it."

"I can't see that it matters," the Professor hammered. "If I choose to be late to lunch I must put up with the cold consequences, and," he added, "I'm sure you're a very good cook, Mrs. Mullins—and good afternoon."

Mrs. Mullins folded her arms.

"It's a good job you ain't my husband," she said with feeling.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Mullins," the Professor observed again.

"But I would like to say before I go," the lady persisted, "that if you can't eat your lunch at proper time, I'm afraid I must find another place——"

"But, Mrs. Mullins," said the Professor, gently, can't you understand that it's my very important work that sometimes keeps me?"

"Sometimes? Why, you haven't sat down at one o'clock sharp once for this fortnight past. don't you see, sir, that you're steadily breakin' up? Soon I sha'n't be able to do a jam omelette respectable, so many havin' been spoiled. . . . My 'usband that's dead wouldn't have *dared*. . . . But I can see *you* don't care what havoc you make with a woman's existence men are all heartless. H—eartless, that's what they are. But there, I s'pose it's no use tryin'. If things go wrong, there's nothin' like a day out to clear your head a bit. So here's off."

She made her exit tearfully.

A second later the fluid in the test tube turned iridescent green, and the Professor realised that he had failed, that his theory had exploded, that everything had gone wrong.

He sat in the one easy chair the apartment boasted.

From outside came the strains of an ancient hurdy-gurdy. The song was old, but so familiar to the Professor that he could supply the missing notes.

"Pretty lips—sweeter than—cherry or plum,
Always seem—jolly and—never look glum."

The refrain took him back to the days when he was a student, and, in place of the myriad neatly-arranged bottles, tubes, and retorts, there arose before him a vision of limelight-lit stages—and a young man he used to know. Then there were the vague faces of acquaintances, class-mates, digs-chums, friends—even a young lady who had made life romantic for a while.

He sighed, and opening the door strode out and along the passage into his library. The first thing that offended his sense of orderliness was a thick paper-covered book that lay open on the table. The page's head-line said "To London." Fancifully he looked at the clock, fancifully at the column of figures. Among them the 2.50 stood out. . . .

It arrived—with an iron-grey-headed, slightly bent, tall man—at Victoria at 3.32.

Mrs. Mullins, who had lingered behind to make sure whether her favourite brand of gin was so good that it produced hallucinations thus early in the afternoon, walked up to the strangely familiar figure that had just stepped jauntily out of the first-class carriage beyond her third.

"Perfessor," she exclaimed, "Perfessor Mackesson——"

"I left him at home," said her master, lightly, and, swinging his cane, he walked off past the side entrance of the Grosvenor Hotel into roaring Pimlico.

* * * * * * *

Now the one man he was certain of finding in Town that afternoon was his old friend Warmiston Trent, who having started on a career of brilliant promise had yet fallen early into the habit of enjoying himself. The Professor knew that his card at a certain club would draw Warmiston as easily as a badger, for in the smoking-room of that club he snored regularly from three to four-thirty. It was his boast.

Therefore it was a blinky-eyed Warmiston who received him.

"You — er — have the advantage," he said sleepily, and then he looked again at the card. "Why it's Macky! Come along, Macky, boy. Come along!"

It was in every respect a hearty welcome.

Walking into the palatial, luxurious smoke-room the Professor caught himself wondering what had made him give up all this luxury—which lay to his hand by reason of the legacy of a prosperous father—for the life of a recluse.

"How you must enjoy yourself, Trent," he said, as he raised to his lips the Scotch-and-soda that his old friend had insisted upon his having.

"Enjoy it?" said Trent. "My dear man, in my opinion they serve you the worst lunches in London here, and the attention is disgraceful—absolutely disgraceful!"

"Then why don't you go home?" asked the Professor.

"Home?" said his friend in surprise. "Home?"

"Yes."

"Good heavens! I say, Macky, hasn't anyone told you? . . . Didn't that piece of wedding-cake I sent reach you safely?"

"Of course it did."

"Why then, you *know!* I'm married—and you ask me why I don't go home!"

"Come—come," said the Professor. "You don't mean *that*. Why, I remember your wife very well. Kitty was the merriest little thing in the world if you will permit me to say so."

"Ah, sweethearts are privileged," said Mr. Trent sententiously. "But, by the way, can you remember why you gave her up and let me into the running?"

"Now I come to think of it," said Professor Mackesson, "the fact that I was often late for my appointments——"

"Yes, that just it!" exclaimed Mr. Trent, triumph in his tone. "Well, in my case, substitute lunch for appointments and there you are!"

"You're usually late for lunch? But my dear fellow, surely that——"

"It's no use discussing a topic you cannot possibly understand," said Mr. Trent. "To be late for lunch and at the same time keep your wife in a good temper is—well—not possible. We married men are as anxious to discover a method which will allow of this, as you fellows are to find that which will crystallise carbon or transmute the baser metals into gold. I may add we've just about as much chance in our case as you scientists have in yours. . . . Now supposing you *had* married——"

"Married whom?"

"Why, Mirrie Gilsom—the girl who followed Kitty in your affections."

"The last!" The Professor put in, romantically.

"As you say. Well, supposing you had married her——"

"I used to meet her in Hyde Park by the Corner Gate at four-thirty every afternoon." The Professor's mind was still picking up and interweaving the threads of the old romance.

"Just so. Well, suppose you *had* . . . I tell you, Macky, you'd have snored from three to four-thirty opposite me—here. And when the Birthday Honours List came out I should not be expecting every time to find a short but flattering biography of Sir John Mackesson, the new science baronet!"

"Tut-tut, my dear chap. Mirrie——"

"Yes, I know you're going to say that if she hadn't jilted you, your marriage would have been different to that of anyone else. We all think that. . . . But, talking about Mirrie, she still strolls through the park at four-thirty. I've frequently seen her, and——"

"What's the time?" asked the Professor, suddenly.

"Just five minutes past four."

The Professor rose.

"I really must be going. The Royal College, you know—er——"

"Yes. I know. Well, good-bye, Macky. Look me up next time you're in town. If I'm not here from three to four-thirty, well, I'm dead—that's all!"

A quarter of an hour later found the Professor in Hyde Park.

Not seeing the face of Miriam Gilsom in any of the young, large-hatted girls who passed him, he remembered suddenly that the Miriam he had known would perhaps have aged a trifle now. Ten years made a difference. . . . . Yet just ahead of him that little lady in grey silk surely had the carriage, the walk, the style of Miriam Gilsom! The nearer the Professor approached the more he was sure of it—and to think that she still walked in the park at four-thirty! Possibly ——

This led the Professor's thoughts down most romantic channels. He took the precaution, however, of seeing the lady's face before addressing her.

"Mirrie!" he exclaimed. Beyond a doubt it was she. Miriam, almost the same, almost as youthful.

She looked at him. For a moment her blue soft eyes did not penetrate the years, and then:

"Why it's John Mackesson!" said she. "How are you, John?"

"Before I answer that, please come and sit down," said the Professor, masterfully. "I want to talk to you."

With all the gallantry of ten years agone he conducted her and bowed her courteously to a seat under the trees.

"Now, tell me quickly. Did you marry Dicky Dipping?"

"Yes," said the Professor's old sweetheart, slowly.

"Well, with reference to your first question, I'm not feeling quite so happy as I might," said the iron-grey-haired man.

"Dicky Dipping still in the land of the living?" asked the Professor, after a pause.

"Yes."

The Professor failed to catch any inflection in the monosyllable that would give him a conversational line.

"Well—Tell me of your life of this ten years past. Will you think it beyond the privilege of an old—friend—if I ask (now that I can have nothing but my personal interest to prompt the questioning) how the world has used you this ten years?"

"You mean Dick?"

"I hold that a husband should be the world to his wife, so that I cannot alter the form of my question."

He laughed.

"I believe that is what you would have asked of your wife, John. You would have wanted her to think the world of you—to see in your actions naught but good."

"Perhaps so. But about Dick. I remember that although he was a dashing and thoroughly upright young man, his little failing was—er——"

"Which one?" asked the lady, anxious to assist.

"Name one," said the Professor a little gleefully.

"Gambling," said Mrs. Dipping.

"Just so. Well, of course, when he married you he gave it up?"

"Oh, no. I think he got a little worse. In fact, if his Uncle George, the tea merchant, hadn't died and left him twenty thousand pounds, we should have been penniless after the first two years."

"How providential of Uncle George," the Professor commented. "Well, twenty thousand well invested would bring in a thousand a year."

"This twenty thousand brought in trainers' bills, bookmakers' accounts—and so on. Dicky, you see, promptly registered his colours as an owner of racehorses."

"I see," said the Professor, heavily.

"At the end of three years we hadn't anything of that left and nothing to show for it but three jockey's jackets with the colours rather faded."

"Don't tell me," said the Professor, alarmed, "that you were penniless."

"We should have been if Aunt Leah hadn't died," said Mrs. Dipping, complacently. "In this case, there was a deal of property upon the proceeds of which the dear old soul had lived luxuriously, and then saved a further five hundred pounds a year out of her income."

"It must have been a lot of money."

"Yes. Dicky started quite a nice motor-garage with it. . . . But there was that other little failing of his——"

"Which one?"

"His extravagance. Champagne at eleven, lunch-time and dinner, to say nothing of the fact that he would not be seen in a suit cut further east than Savile Row. All this time, too, of course, the horse-racing——"

"But don't tell me, Mirrie, that this money all went, too!"

"Two years after Aunt Leah's death we were bankrupt," said Mrs. Dipping.

"But didn't you talk to him. Didn't you rail against him? Didn't you see how things were drifting and—and—shake him?" the Professor almost shouted. "Didn't you call him a drunkard, a waster, aye, and a loose liver? Why didn't you say, 'I know John Mackesson wouldn't have treated me so badly as that.' That might have——"

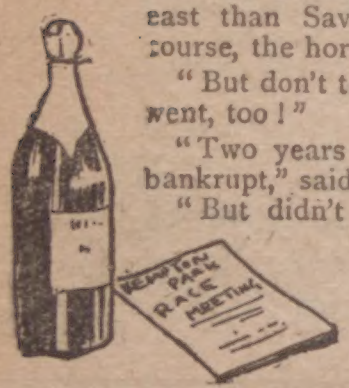
"But I didn't say he treated me badly, John," said Mrs. Dipping, in tones of alarm. "With what remained after the bankruptcy, and a small legacy that his father could not keep him out of, he started a business in Oxford Street. . . And, what is the time? We have a modest dwelling in Pimlico, and I usually go to meet him at five at the Marble Arch end. You see we have lunch at one-thirty, and a little dinner to ourselves at six."

"I see. You have to fetch him home," said the Professor, desperately trying to rouse this woman to a sense of her wrongs.

"Fetch him home?" said Mrs. Dipping, in injured tones. "John, it is evident that you do not know my dear husband. I walk to meet him every afternoon because, for one thing, it is my only chance of exercise now. But in the mornings I cannot do that. Yet ——"

She paused, and tears welled up in her soft blue eyes. In accents of utter love and devotion she added:

"Yet, John, he has never been late for lunch in all the ten years!"



THE STRAIN OF SPORT.

Every sportsman has experienced it at some time or other, for every branch of athletic exercise has a particular form of strain peculiar to it.

Walking, for instance, in races or at racing pace, produces a strain on the Achilles tendon.

Boxing, or punching the ball, if practised to excess, is liable to strain the triceps muscle —*i.e.*, the large muscle on the under-part of the upper arm.

Lawn-tennis, if taken seriously, and not as a quiet way of spending an occasional lazy half-hour, is almost certain to exert a considerable strain on the muscles of the calf. This complaint is known as "tennis-leg."

"TATT'S."

It is not the easiest thing in the world to become a member of Tattersall's Subscription Room.

The candidate must be recommended by two or more members, and his written application and recommendations must be exhibited in the room for at least one clear week. Then he is balloted for by the committee, one black ball in three being fatal to his chances.

Members of the Jockey Club, the Turf, White's, Brooke's, Boodle's, Arthur's, Guards', and Travellers' clubs, however, can be admitted without ballot.

In the case of a disputed bet between two members they are bound to refer the matter to two referees, members of the committee, each party choosing one referee, and the two referees appointing an umpire.

Any member refusing to comply within one month with the umpire's decision is liable to be expelled as a defaulter.

The annual subscription to the room is not expensive—two guineas being the modest demand. It is opened every Monday—settling day—at 1 p.m., and on every day, except Sundays, in the weeks immediately preceding the Epsom and Ascot meetings, and on such other days as the committee consider advisable.

Smoking is not allowed in the room, and any member creating noise, uproar, or disturbance is liable to instant expulsion.

If you deal with a bookmaker who is a member of "Tatt.'s" you are quite safe, but unfortunately some rascals advertise themselves as members when they are not.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

III.—GOLF COURSES I HAVE PLAYED

I learned the ABC and the D.A.M.N. of [illegible] on Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh, which in [illegible] ways resembled the classic course of Blackheath. That is to say, the links were common ground, and the public had a right-of-way across them.

Houses bordered them on one side, and a [illegible] or pulled ball was apt to find a resting place in the dining or drawing-room of some respectable Edinburgh burgess. It required some "nerve" in those circumstances to go and ask for your ball.

Those were the days of long-headed drivers, "spoons," and solid "gutty" balls. Indeed, I have some dim recollection of seeing a man playing with a ball made of tight-packed feathers.

Sometimes I wonder whether the new-fangled clubs and the rubber-cored ball have done more for the average golfer than increase his expenses by about 50 per cent.

Do a few yards on to the drive or cleek [illegible] make much difference to the average player? I doubt it.

Anyway, give me back my bagful of obsolete wooden clubs, my shilling "gutty," and my vanished youth, and I'll guarantee to play dashed sight better than I do now with a set of patent and highly-expensive clubs and balls at half-a-crown a time.

Bruntsfield became overcrowded with the public as I grew up. My last memory of the old course is of driving a ball into a perambulator. As the mother of the babe seemed a good deal excited about it, I remembered an important engagement elsewhere.

Then I went abroad, and when I came home the Edinburgh Corporation had started the Corporation course at the Braid Hills. Twopence a round, and a really fine course. What more could golfer want?

English Corporations are beginning to follow Edinburgh's lead and to establish public links, but they will never get the game to the front so long as they continue to charge a shilling or [illegible] a round. Edinbugh can do it at twopence a round, and take about £1,000 a year off the rates; why cannot English cities and towns do the same?

It was on the Braid Hills that I made my first acquaintance with the lady golfer. She was a lissom lass, whom I had known from childhood. I volunteered to give her a stroke a hole, and she gravely accepted.

There was a large crowd at the first tee. She drove off—a low, straight drive, 170 yards if it was an inch. Then it was my turn, and a magnificent foozle trickled into a whin bush about five yards away.

It was the same at every hole and all through the green. I forget how many she won by, but it was something pretty steep. And she was such a nice girl, too.

The weirdest course I ever played on—and I have played on some pretty haunting ones—was that at Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

There was not a blade of grass on the putting greens, which were made of earth, beaten hard. Between the greens was a jungle, which, when the green-keeper had a burst of energy, was about six inches high, but more usually reached to your knees.

In this jungle were all manner of evil creeping things—big, black snakes, whose bite was sudden death; equally deadly puff adders, which looked exactly like a piece of decayed wood until you trod on them; scorpions, centipedes a foot long, and billions of ticks and other biting and stinging insects.

I should have said that the putting greens all sloped away from you, with the result that if your ball landed on the green it was bound to bound off again into the jungle.

On the other hand, if you were "short" you stayed in the forest.

It was a nine-hole course, and the "short" was 96.

C. G. BULKELEY.

W TO FURNISH A BACHELOR FLAT

OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE A AN'S CREATURE COMFORTS.

ose who have known for years the dis- and real miseries of life in lodgings, maining on sufferance (I speak feelingly) can appreciate to the full the delights of a snug flat of one's very own.

e most charmingly furnished digs, with bliging and "motherly" of landladies, insignificance compared with the ad- f being one's own landlord, so to speak. may call, and spend days and nights if without the dread of being scowled at ale dragon, or the kitchen lady who visitors.

ALL."

y smoke or create dust, noise, and much as you please. There is no one nay. The place is your own, and you "monarch of all you survey."

w about expense?" says the reader.

wever, need not be nearly so great as imagine. Indeed, I am not quite sure mount in the long run is not less than f living in furnished rooms, and being n what is very probably inferior food. t thing to do is to choose a suitable ood, having due regard, of course, to om one's work, the convenience of es, &c.

u have quite settled this point, advertise paper for a small flat—say, of three

ht write to a house agent, and see what is books. There are plenty of these had in almost any direction, at prac- inds of rents.

e also what are known as half-houses ies, which range from ten shillings a rds.

NT.

well when choosing a flat to get one ent is inclusive of taxes, as it saves a f trouble, and one payment covers all. fixed on the flat, see that it is in pair—locks, taps, and grates, as well and the drainage. The last two will probably have to take on trust, ide arrangements you can judge of

lord or agent can usually recommend an and also a sweep. Both of these should accomplish their work before nto possession. It is no part of the utine that a man wants to be bothered

ome to the most important matter of ishing.

in the main three ways in which one out this most interesting and all- atter.

MEN ONLY.

method, and one which will commend e people, is to employ a good firm of hers, and give them an order to fur- completely right down to the smallest

ainly, is the simplest and easiest plan . Unfortunately it is also the most

d way is to hire the furniture. This advantage that it does not need a lay; but, on the other hand, it requires ought.

many respectable firms that make g either on the purchase or hire- ciality. In London these are to be in the neighbourhood of the West, hey are generally prepared to send o any distance within reason.

method, and the one on which I shall say, is to furnish piecemeal—buying

some of the articles second-hand, some (such as bedsteads and bedding, for instance) new. Taking one's time, one picks up a chair here and a table there.

This is the most pleasant way of furnishing, for the hunt gives zest to the buying, and each article possesses an individual interest. It is also the cheapest, for you will buy only the things you must have, and wait until fortune smiles upon you for the luxuries.

THE USES OF HOME CARPENTRY.

Suppose this last method is the one you decide to adopt. Then the first thing to be done is to buy some plain deal boards and put up as many shelves as possible, both in the kitchen and the sitting-room. It is surprising how a little home carpentry will diminish the furniture bill.

For the windows, buy some bamboo poles. They are light, easily put up, and cheap. For curtains, get several yards of what is known as art serge (sage green is a good serviceable shade) and fix them up by means of curtain-pins which hook into the rings on the poles. There is no need to trouble about making up the material. It will look quite well as it comes from the shop, without any millinery attached to it.

Put up a broad shelf under the window, and make an art-serge bag to fit it exactly. Fill the latter with flock, and with the addition of a few cushions you can buy ready-made at a draper's, you will have a very good substitute for a couch.

KITCHEN FURNITURE.

In the kitchen it is as well to put as many shelves as possible, and also a lengthy row of pegs. Then, out of egg-boxes, you can construct a cupboard for groceries, and another one for boots.

Buy a couple of basket chairs and get some large cushions to fit them separately. This is a far cheaper way than buying the padded chairs.

If you can pick up a mahogany table cheaply second-hand, so much the better. If not, get a strong, firmly-made deal-topped square one, and buy a dark green tablecloth to cover it.

Don't go in for those hideous things, so dear to the female heart, called overmantels. Put some of your sporting trophies over the chimney-piece, have a rack for your pipes, and photographs of your best girl instead.

Please yourself as to what sort of bedstead and bedding you will have, but by all means get a new one. Second-hand bedding is a danger-trap in more senses than one. Wire mattresses are the best, of course. Don't limit the number of blankets.

Get a good-sized wash-stand (of all miserable things, the average lodging-house apparatus provided for a man's ablutions is one of the worst), and for a towel-horse, have one that will hold more than one towel.

Of course, in most modern flats there is a bath-room included, so that you can dispense with washing paraphernalia in the bedroom.

If you care to go to a sale, you can often pick up a whole lot of articles for a mere song. Especially is this the case with kitchen utensils.

But, of course, if you are fastidious and like your pots and pans brand new, there are cheap oil shops, and also that pocket-saving institution—the sixpenny or penny bazaar. It is indeed wonderful what a few shillings will buy at the latter place.

FLOOR-COVERINGS AND FIRE-IRONS.

For floor-covering there is nothing to equal cork-lino with a few rugs. The great thing about it is the ease with which it can be kept clean. If you are determined to have something warmer and more snug-looking, however, let me recommend the humble but homely-looking matting. It is cheap, wears well, and can now be bought any width and any colour.

Fireirons and fenders you can always buy second-hand, and a little emery powder and paraffin will make new articles out of what looked like rust-eaten lumber.

Remember it is preferable to add to your possessions later than to buy furniture that you do not really want. But, acting on these suggestions, your bachelor's flat will already begin to have some of the aspects associated with the word "home."

J. C. CARDEW.

THE "SILLY SEASON."

It is well-known in the journalistic world, if not so much to the general public; and it is now on. "It" is the "silly season," during which nothing exciting happens except the appearances of sea-serpents and the speeches of the Kaiser.

Parliament has risen, and the Courts are closed for the Long Vacation. Columns and columns of the newspapers which have hitherto been devoted to reports of debates in the House, and interesting details of the spiciest cases in the Divorce and other courts, are woefully empty; and the harassed news-editor tears out his hair in handfuls at their silent but none the less insistent pleading to be filled.

So he communes first of all with the editor and then with the reporters; and then, little by little, thrilling "stories"—the word has now a particular appropriateness—are evolved.

The sea-serpent is dutifully observed once again by seaside "correspondents." A remarkable "crime of passion" occurs in some conveniently remote part of the world, say, somewhere in the wilds of Siberia, where it will be difficult to refute any of the breathless details.

Or else the paper publishes a letter from a reader on such an absorbing topic as "Should Women Wear Hats in Church?" and the suffrages of readers are duly invited on the question. Thus the columns are filled, until, with the advent of October, "news begins to knock about again," as pressmen say, and the silly season is at an end.

POPULAR SONGS.

Why is it that popular songs are popular? The answer would be hard to give; for surely there is nothing more idiotic in the whole world than the twentieth-century popular song.

One thing that is very plain is that no brains enter into its composition. Each successive song is plagiarised from a previous "success," and each is feebler than its forerunner. What is more, no popular song is complete without an allusion either to a "girl" who sets all hearts "in a whirl," or to a "coon" and a "moon," or else, if it be a comic song, a personal remark about somebody who is not present to take his own part.

As regards the melody, in the case of most popular songs, to use an Irishism, there isn't any.

ADVICE TO WHIST DRIVERS

HOW TO CULTIVATE A USEFUL MEMORY.

The whist-drive is now an established institution. Popular as an amusement with old and young of both sexes, popular with hostesses as a cheap and easy way of entertaining large numbers of guests, popular as a means of raising money for charitable objects, and popular, also, as a means of having a mild gamble.

Of course, you don't play for money at whist-drives, but still at the public ones your shilling entrance fee may bring you a prize worth anything from £1 to £100 in solid cash.

Recently the whist-drive has won enormous popularity, and it has introduced thousands of people to a game which played in the ordinary way they would find either too dull, or too scientific, or both.

Luck enters to some extent into ordinary whist, and to a much greater extent into progressive whist, where you may have the misfortune to meet with a succession of partners who know nothing of the game and throw away points they should have made.

THE FIRST REQUISITE.

At the same time, good play will tell at a whist-drive, and I propose to offer a few general hints, which, if followed, will greatly increase your individual chance of a winning total, however poor the play of your partners.

Before you can make any real progress as a whist-player you must learn to remember the cards as they are played, so that at any point of the game you know exactly what cards are out, and which cards are still in.

An expert will play several rubbers in the course of an evening and be able to tell you days, even weeks afterwards, how the cards fell to each trick.

Of course, a phenomenal memory of this kind is not acquired without long and continuous practice, and the beginner usually finds it sufficiently difficult to remember the cards he himself has played, let alone those of the other players.

WATCH THE TRUMPS.

The beginner trying to memorize the cards usually makes the mistake of trying to remember too many.

Be content at first to concentrate your attention on the trump suit, and to remember the court cards in trumps as they come out. Try also to remember at least the number of times the other suits go round. Thus, if hearts have been led twice and not trumped, you know that there are five hearts still left in. Then try to remember the court cards of plain suits.

In the course of a few weeks you will find that you will automatically note and remember the fall of the principal cards, and gradually you will come to memorizing every card as it is played.

A fairly good memory for the cards will increase your chances of winning by at least twenty per cent.

GENERAL RULES.

Now I come to some principles of play. These I must ask you to accept as correct, because space will not permit of my going into the reasons on which they are founded.

First of all, holding five or more trumps, lead them the moment you get the lead.

There is no departure from this rule. As they say in whist circles, there are thousands of men wandering about homeless and without boots through not leading from five or more trumps at whist.

It is generally safe, too, to lead from four trumps, provided that at least two of them are court cards.

Holding four small trumps, or a lesser number, on no account lead them at the beginning of a game, unless your partner has "called" for trumps, a signal to be explained presently.

As a desperate remedy a good player will sometimes lead trumps from a "Singleton"—i.e., a single trump. The theory is, that if your partner is strong in trumps, and he gets the lead, he will be able to draw two of your opponent's trumps to his one, while if he is weak in trumps, all is over.

A "Singleton" lead, however, is only justifiable when great strength in trumps in your partner's hand alone will save the game. But *always* lead trumps, holding five or more.

RETURNING A LEAD.

The next great rule is that when your partner has led trumps you must lead them back to him as soon as ever you can.

As regards plain suits, try to retain the command of your strong suit in your own hand, but at the same time don't "bottle up" winning cards.

For example, holding ace and three or four little ones, you should lead a small one; but holding ace and five or more small cards, you should lead the ace, for if you hold it up it may be trumped on the second round by an opponent.

Holding ace, king, queen, or king, queen, knave, lead them. The general rule being to lead the lowest card of a high sequence, the highest card of a low sequence.

Thus, from king, queen, knave, lead the knave; but from queen, knave, ten, the queen is the proper lead.

THE SIGNAL CODE.

Play through strength, up to weakness. Thus, if your left-hand opponent is clearly strong in, say, hearts, and his partner weak, lead hearts when you get the chance. Your left-hand opponent is then in an awkward position. If he plays out his high cards he loses command of his strong suit, while if he plays low your partner will probably be able to beat him.

Among regular whist-players there is a well-recognised code of signals, by means of which they tell each other what cards they hold.

As this sounds like cheating, I hasten to add that these signals do not take the form of surreptitious kicks under the table, twiddling of rings, or apparently innocent remarks. They are made openly in the course of play, and if your opponents know the code, as every experienced player does, they can read your signals as plainly as your partner.

Of course, it is worse than useless to use the code unless your partner understands it, for you will simply be presenting opponents who know the code with information without lightening your partner.

The code is fairly complicated, but there at least one signal that every whist-pl should know, and that is the "call trumps."

As already explained, if you are strong trumps, it is imperative that you should them at the first opportunity, but per you are weak in plain suits and there small chance of your getting the lead. As are strong in trumps, your partner is prob weak in them, and, therefore, will not them. Your opponents are not likely to so either, for your strength means weak in trumps for them also.

THE SECRET OF THE "CALL."

You are compelled, therefore, to sit suffer while your opponents gaily make t in their strong plain suits, or, worse establish a "cross-ruff"—i.e., each nately leads a suit of which he knows other has none, so that he can take the with a small trump. Your partner may the lead, but leads anything but trum and you have nothing in plain suits. You losing tricks that would be yours if you only get trumps out.

It is an exasperating situation, unless know how to "call" for trumps, and partner can "hear" the call when you it.

The "call" is made in discarding, and made by throwing away an unnecessarily h card of a suit followed on the next round that suit by a lower card. The general of course, is that, unable to take a trick, discard your lowest card of the suit led, to call for trumps you break this law.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

For example, you deal and you find yours with seven trumps and "dirt" in the oth suits.

Your left-hand opponent leads king diamonds, in which you have ten, seven, two. The king makes, and wishing to ma for trumps you play the ten. Clearly the of diamonds is either with your left-han opponent or with his partner. It is with former, and he promptly leads it to make second trick in diamonds. Now you disca either your seven or two—it doesn't matt which—and the "call" is made.

Not being strong in trumps, you would, similar circumstances, have discarded first two, then the seven. The inversion of usual order is meant to tell your partner you want him to lead trumps the moment gets the lead.

The "call" is not always made so simp as described, for a suit may be led and led again for two or three rounds, but if the suit first led is not immediately led again, begin another call in the next suit led.

Always carefully watch your partner "discards" in the early rounds of a game and also your opponents', for if you see either of them calling for trumps you know where the trump strength lies and can arrange your play accordingly.

A. C. WILSON.

PROFESSIONAL LIARS.

Has it ever struck you that a great many men are simply forced by the nature of their profession to be liars? It is strange, but it is none the less true.

For instance, take the case of the lawyer engaged to defend a man accused of a crime. The prisoner has told him all—indeed has confessed his guilt—but for all that the lawyer protests his innocence.

In a less degree the house agent has to be a liar. He shows you a house, eulogises it, assures you that you will be comfortable in it, well knowing that the roof lets in water, and the drains are defective.

And last, but possibly greatest, don't forget the recruiting sergeant.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S WOUND

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

On a summer evening while the sun was setting, it was Trooper Kernahan and Trooper Stephen who watched it pensively from Brermouth's bridge. The sunsets over the River Brer were famous for their beauty, and if, as rumour has it, Turner made studies therefrom, well and good. If he did not, then he most certainly missed something which, even to a connoisseur of sunsets, is out of the ordinary.

Standing on that bridge an artist in oils was taking a rough idea of the scene to be "worked up"—I believe this is the professional term—later in the privacy of his studio. He seemed a sociable sort of man—for an artist.

"Pretty, isn't it?" he said, and then added, practically, "but it's been done so often. I don't know that sunsets are worth very much a dozen."

"But still you go on doing them."

"There's an evergreen prejudice in their favour," said the artist.

At that moment a pretty light-haired girl passed, and the two Yeomen brought their hands up to the peaks of their caps in informal salutes.

The girl smiled.

"Well—I'm going!" she said, stopping. "Going to join—to-night!"

"Bravo!" said Kernahan, with the patronising air that all strong men assume with very pretty girls. "I'm sure you'll be splendid, especially if we ever go to war."

"You're laughing, Mr. Kernahan ——"

"On my honour ——"

"Now, remember ——"

"I am remembering, Miss Dering. I believe you to be patient, sympathetic, and kind," said Kernahan, in a lower voice, but very seriously. "Therefore, I am sure you will admirably suit our Nursing Corps."

He raised his hand in salute again and the lady passed on.

"Jolly nice girl," Stephen commented.

The artist smiled.

"Girls in these days are like sunset pictures—about so much a dozen—but you still go on admiring them."

"There's an evergreen prejudice in their favour," said Trooper Stephen, tersely. And the two Yeomen walked away whips in hand, to the quay and thence to the Drill Hall.

Trooper Kernahan, strangely preoccupied, said not a word the whole of the way.

Now it is a thing peculiar to relate, but particular as the men of Squadron "B" always were with regard to their appearance, those that could have observed the doings of rather more than three-parts of the Squadron all who intended to turn out that night, as a matter of fact—would have found them very hard at work. Civilians calling that afternoon upon Yeomen friends, broke in upon them in a state of deshabille, wearing merely breeches, boots, or chair, lay the jacket with the yellow cuffs and collar-band stripped altogether of its adornments including the linked K.O.R.R. brass, which, fixed on the steel shoulder-chains, proclaimed the Blankshire Yeomanry a Royal Regiment.

The collar-crests with the Royal arms lay, disconnected, somewhere in the vicinity of the saucer that contained the pinking. Even the scabbards of the swords were attended to, and the kitchen tables in each Yeoman's home took to the vigorous polishing of the son. the master, or the nicest "digger" in the house. Seeing these things, the aforesaid civilians might have been led to believe that nothing short of an inspection by the Brigadier-General in command was on the *tapis*. Yet the actual cause was the rumour that the emblazoned bills in blue, white, and gold posted about the town had not been without effect. In fact, to use the last words of that much-discussed announcement, "those wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity of learning military nursing and field hospital work in connection with 'B' Squadron" were expected to "apply to the adjutant at eight" that Thursday evening in something approaching big numbers.

Neither Kernahan, Stephen, Carteret, nor Alexander (who had found it possible to add the finishing touches to his toilet in the Brermouth-ward train) had by any means escaped this wave of enthusiasm that swept over the whole Squadron.

Sergeant Hall, the amorous one, was in the seventh heaven of delight, and he met the redoubtable four at the Drill Hall in the very best of spirits.

"Grand, isn't it?" he exclaimed. "The dear old K.O. to have its own Nursing Corps——"

"After this," said Trooper Stephen; "it will be 'What ho, the cyclists!' no longer, Gibson."

Colour-Sergeant Gibson, cyclist, and their friendly foe on countless occasions, asked densely to be informed whether it was nurses or nursemaids that "B" Squadron were to be supplied with? He did not *know*, but he had noticed that several little boys of his acquaintance would, it seemed be better at ease on rocking-horses.

Somebody cut through the gibing sentence with a query as to the status of the existing Ambulance Corps. Kernahan, standing by, listened a little anxiously. Sergeant Hall was in charge of that usually invisible corps, which one saw as rarely as the machine-gun section.

"Tell you after," said Hall. "Fall in there, you men."

Now, "B" Squadron drills are like the immortal Mr. Puffington's runs, "justly celebrated." But on this night of all others the Squadron put in their Royal-inspection reserve of zest. Their swords flashed at the word "draw" and became after lightning evolutions a gleaming line.

Old Sergeant-Major Brighton's good-natured grey eyes twinkled as he observed to Major Devine what wonders the anticipation of the advent of a few petticoats performed.

The Major looked at him oddly as the Troop right-about-turned in line.

"Why, damn it all, 'Major," exclaimed Major Devine, genially, "you've been waxing your moustache, you old dog!"

And the Sergeant-Major made a swift unnecessary detour to come up to the front of the men, so that the right construction might not be placed upon his guilty flush.

In the background the Adjutant watched all these things with an amused smile, watched how the timid entry of each young aspirant to the red-cross badge acted as a well-flicked coaching whip upon the Squadron, watched how in the glory of the smartest Territorial uniform in England they marched past, formed file and section, half-faced, and advanced with the straightness of a ruler as they were flung into line again.

When dismissed, they broke off, not uproariously, but stiffly with exceeding consequence.

It was Sergeant Hall who strode with soldierly bearing up to the Adjutant and confessed that the Ambulance Corps were feeling that they would like to justify their existence.

"How?" asked the Adjutant.

"On the next Field day," said Sergeant Hall. "We—er——"

"Might place the benefit of their services and experience with regard to Field Hospitals at the disposal of the Nursing Corps," Kernahan volunteered for him—but very contemptuously. He was not of the Ambulance Corps.

With all due ceremony the Adjutant received the fair applicants in the officers' mess, and some twenty minutes later the Squadron knew that Miss Dering, by virtue of the possession of a St. John's Certificate and duly-recorded honours in the first-aid line, had been placed in command of the Nursing Corps.

The Adjutant introduced her (unnecessarily) to Sergeant Hall.

"He will be delighted, I know, to give you any information or assistance at the outset," said the Adjutant.

Sergeant Hall murmured some formality, and after the ladies had departed the cynosure of admiring eyes, he caught Stephen, who was enjoying it all, by the arm.

"Old K.'s somewhat keen on Miss D., isn't he?" he said, gleefully.

Stephen did not commit himself.

"Well, anyway," said Sergeant Hall, with relish, "tell him there's not a single vacancy in the Ambulance Corps—(at which he affects to sneer)—for any blinkin' recruits!"

II.

Sitting in the lounge of the Meteor the day after the regiment's first autumn outing, Sergeant Hall held forth to a few cronies, as he pulled at his pipe.

"The old saying holds," he said, bestowing a loving look on his well-coloured briar. "'God made man. Then He made woman. Then He felt so sorry for the man that He made tobacco.' Behold, gentlemen, a man who is thankful for the tobacco. You ask me where is Kernahan? My dear chaps, ask the wind and the sky or, better still, the quiet lanes around Brermouth. They can tell you better than I. . . . To relapse into ordinary English which you can all bally well understand, I expect he's out somewhere, talking rot to a girl."

"How are the mighty fallen!" Stephen put in sententiously.

"*You* wouldn't have objected to the tumble, though, Stephen," said Sergeant Hall, with some confidence.

"I understand that Kernahan had two—one moral and one actual. Which do you mean?"

"Not the actual, you ass! Really, Stephen, for an erstwhile brilliant young man, you're going sadly to the dogs. (You can take off that unbecoming grin or I shall begin to fear that you understood from the first, which would hardly be nice in a dear little chap brought up in a good home by indulgent parents.) But half a jiff before you give us that new two-step on your excellent Broadwood. I want you to tell me about the cause of old K.'s accident. He seemed a bit vague

about it to me when he was brought back as the 'wounded yero.' You see I was —— "

"Very much out of it," said Stephen, taking up the tale.

Carteret and Gibson guffawed in their tankards.

"Lending valuable assistance," Stephen corrected himself with an air of mock solemnity.

"'Sorry I squeezed your wrist, Miss D,'" he went on in the Sergeant's most plausible style, "'I thought it was the stretcher-pole.'"

Sergeant Hall leant back and laughed. "By gosh!" he said. "If I couldn't put it less clumsily than that I'd never —— "

"Court another pretty milliner," Carteret suggested.

"It's the uniform that does it, you know—that and the stripes," said Gibson, joyfully.

Under this fire—the Sergeant was not the first in a Regiment that has suffered because of his amorous reputation—Hall retired behind a thirst-quenching gin-and-ginger, in which was a refreshing-looking slice of lemon. Trooper Stephen was nothing if not a good host.

"Anyhow," said Stephen, annexing Carteret's cigarette case, and extracting a choice Egyptian, "the very first moment we got into the open country—after leaving *you* imparting 'useful information' to the Nursing Corps, who were being bloodlessly blooded—Kernahan didn't seem at all happy. Funny thing, but he'd drifted, on the night of the enlistment of our fair Nurses, into a discussion about Ambulance work and expressed the opinion that a knowledge of first aid was useful to everyone. . . . I rather cooled his ardour, you'll be delighted to hear, Hall, with your remark about the lack of a single vacancy in the Ambulance Corps for any blinkin' recruit. . . .

"To come along to yesterday, Kernahan knew that it was an informal affair got up solely by the keenness of Devine. (We are energetic, aren't we, Gibson?) He knew also that an opportunity for the nurses to display some of their skill at simple bandaging—heads, arms, and so on—would be given, and that certain men would be detailed off to represent the casualties. Kernahan, as I said, seemed troubled, and I wasn't long at guessing what ailed him."

Carteret laughed.

"*I* know," he said. "He was afraid he wouldn't be chosen as one of the wounded men."

"Pity you aren't such a good shot on the range, my pure-souled youth. The old Sergeant-Major would have fewer grey hairs," said Stephen, nodding assent. "We all of us, I think, started work with rather heavy hearts that afternoon, and it was rather surprising the number of chaps who had an idea they would like to take up Ambulance. Very interestin' work, you know, *etcetera*.

"We proceeded, however, on the lines laid down by Devine, and the pretty general idea was that the men who were theoretically wounded in the reconnaissance would be fetched by the Ambulance Corps and carted back sharp to the Field Hospital tents, where the ladies would see just how quickly after the unexpected arrival of wounded they could get the antiseptic cases, *etcetera*, unpacked.

"Well, boys, the times that K. with his little lot of scouts did reckless things in order to get theoretically shot are beyond counting. And upon each occasion hang me if that recklessness didn't turn out trumps, and Devine, acting as umpire, seemed to spend half the afternoon congratulating our little lot on the points we were making.

"After the last of these unwelcome bits of praise I saw old Kernahan tighten his lip—specially when he saw the other lucky beggars carried off by the Ambulance Corps to the tents at our base of operations.

"We did a lot of pottering about, right under the blinkin' noses of the enemy, practically speakin', but devil an eye did they turn our way, and again it was points to us!

"I was absolutely busting myself with suppressed laughter. It was really too bally funny. Like a blinkin' comedy, and then Kernahan, supposedly having an idea, led a cut across country without a stick of cover. The enemy, of course, chose that moment to ride off the other way, and in dashing after them we had to cross a road. The others, of course, made for a gate in the pasture, but Kernahan, riding at a hack canter, kept straight on, as though he thought the jump took us into another field.

"'Ware road!' we all yelled out, but it was too late. Old Kernahan had taken a fence from a banked-up field a foot and a half above the level into the road!

"You chaps, bar Carteret, who is no horseman, know what *that* means. Of course, he was shot clean over old Peacock's head, and when we got through the gate and came up to him in the roadway, he stood, holding his left arm very limply.

"'Bad sprain, I'm afraid,' he said, but I could see that there was the old triumphant look in his eye, although he was fairly wincing with the pain. A sprain is often more painful than a break, and even old K. was white about the gills. I jumped off and half held him up. Then we gave the call for the Ambulance, which, being close at hand, dashed with avidity (they're bloodthirsty beggars!) for this real casualty. . . . That's all *I* saw."

Sergeant Hall removed his pipe.

"It was a corporal of mine," he said, "who brought him back very gently. They took him right up to Miss D. whose face lit up when she saw him.

"'Don't look so pleased, Miss,' said one of the uncouth blighters. 'This man's fallen off his horse and sprained his arm somethin' terrible.'

"I heard the concerned, pained little 'Oh' which told me that the only man worth betting on in *her* case was Trooper Kernahan.

"Old Kernahan got out of the ambulance a little painfully.

"'I'm really—a wounded man, you see,' he said, under his usual tone. Then she attended to his arm with infinite tenderness with those pretty fingers of hers —— "

"Oh, shut it!" said Carteret, agonisedly. (He had not come out of the fire unscathed.)

"And I heard him say as I passed," the Sergeant went on without mercy—"she'd bandaged up his arm then and put it in a heroic-looking sling—I heard him say:

"'And now I've another wound for your attention.'

"'Oh! where?' she said.

"'I'm afraid it's serious,' he said, 'because it's *here*.'"

The Sergeant for a space revelled in Carteret's misery.

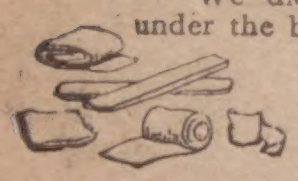
"Need I tell you, Carteret," he concluded, "that he indicated the region of his left breast-pocket?"

SITTING BEHIND THE DRIVER.

If ever you travel in a motor-'bus, you will find it worth your while to secure the end seat inside on the right-hand side, where you will be just behind the driver, and able to watch all his movements through a small window.

After a short ride your conception of that man will have undergone a distinct revision. Whereas before, you imagined him to be a grimy, petrol-stained automaton, you will realise that he is a man of iron nerve, of keen presence of mind, a man whose judgment is rarely at fault.

Watching him, and realising the skill with which he dodges through the traffic, you find yourself almost wishing you were a driver, too.



ECHOES OF GREAT PRI FIGHTS.

I.—CRIBB v. MOLINEAUX.

While it is true that Jack Johnson is first negro ever to hold the world's he weight boxing championship—Peter Jac was never champion of the *world*—he lucky man to hold this great distinction. is the reason why.

Picture to yourself a 24ft. ring pitched Copthall Common. It is a raw Decem day in 1810.

Inside the ring are two men. The black and gigantic, the other white, bloo and battered, a man of about 5ft. 10in., tremendous chest and torso. The one Thomas Molineaux, an ex-slave from Virgi the other Tom Cribb, Heavy-Weight Cha pion of England.

Twenty-two rounds have they fought, the hour of Tom Cribb's defeat is at hand.

He has twice the science of the other, the black is a human tornado. He has peculiar and deadly down-stroke, a sort mighty chop from above, which time time has beaten down Cribb's usually pregnable guard.

The crowd are taking their favourite's feat very badly. Curses and obscenities of kinds are rained upon the negro.

"Time!" calls old Sir Thomas Apre The black needs no prompting, he rus in like a mad bull. Cribb, though sore case, is cool, but even his skill can stem the torrent of crashing blows. "O two, three, four," and the Champion of E land lies on the ground too exhausted to Time slips away, but still he lies there and squarely beaten.

Then Joe Ward, Tom Cribb's second, a dirty thing. He raises the cry Molineaux has leaden weights in his ha The vile crowd take it up. The referee is and a little frightened. Instead of declar Molineaux the victor, he permits an exami tion of his hands, which are found to conta nothing. But Tom Cribb has gained precious minute. He is almost himself aga and answers to the call of "Time!"

As Cribb grows stronger, the black grow weaker. The cold is eating into him, he seized with a fit of ague, and the strength goes out of him. In such a state he is a ch in Cribb's hands, and one hour after the s he is stretched senseless.

Cribb, to do him justice, was eager to gi the black his revenge, and they met again, September 28, 1811, at Thistleton Gap, wh is on the borders of Leicester and Lincol and 20,000 people gathered to see the fight.

By dint of vigorous training under the cel brated Captain Barclay, Tom had got off m than a stone in weight and was almost u recognisable.

Molineaux, on the other hand, was gro Truly there is nothing new under the sun. Leading boxers now tour the music-halls as they did so when Waterloo was yet to be fought.

Anyway, Molineaux had been touring count fairs, giving exhibitions, and living like a fighting cock. He was absolutely unfit to fight.

Nevertheless, he gave Cribb and his pals a terrible fright. Adopting his usual rushing tactics, he sailed in and for the first few rounds gave Cribb an awful hammering. But Cribb managed to land some good ones, and he planted them where they were most deadly —on the big overfed black stomach.

Cribb was a ghastly sight. His right eye was closed, and the blood gushed from his bruised nose and mouth, but he was sound in wind and firm on his pins.

After twenty minutes, the black lay senseless on the sward, his jaw broken from a terrific cross counter.

H. B. Lake.

FREE-LANCE JOURNALISTS

HUMOURS AND TRIALS OF THEIR LIFE.

y whenever I suggest an article on a tic subject to those omnipotences who with a blue-pencil in the right hand, a rs in the left, and carry a paste-pot anced on their heads, I am met with rejoinder that the public don't care a cuss about journalists.

view may be due to that shrinking modesty editors and journalists in general are so lebrated, and it may be correct.

RY QUALIFICATIONS.

the other hand, even editors are not , and perhaps they are wrong in thinking ause they know all about journalism y else does.

, a free-lance journalist is what his olies, a journalist who is not attached to ular paper, or, anyway, who does not the paper's salary list, for some free- more or less permanent jobs as ntributors.

can become a free-lance journalist, y ass can go on the stage. There are no ions to pass, no entrance fees to pay.

equipment consists of a penny bottle of am or two of foolscap, a course of jiu-jitsu, ledge of the law as it relates to the murder itors and office boys, unlimited cheek, ence, and a cheerful indifference to what row may bring forth.

le knowledge of something or other, and write a sentence of three words con- t more than five grammatical errors are t not essential.

ance's life has its charms. There is a uncertainty about it—pleasing at least e is young and irresponsible.

Y OF TITLE.

got a lucrative job through bumping into of title.

was the owner and editor of a weekly, the which were in a block of buildings where porarily employed on another journal.

ons best known to herself her ladyship sed the gentleman's lavatory when she to wash her aristocratic hands.

ing in one day to lave my plebeian n I collided violently with her ladyship g. Apologies followed, and within five I was commissioned to write a series of for her paper. She was a nice woman, e nasty.

member once watching her fascinated while ected a proof of mine.

did it with both eyes shut, and a blue pencil e size of a walking-stick. Then I went the road and had 2s. 6d. worth of brandy

k her paper might have been a success n more consistent, but the average is apt to give way when a paper the same politics two weeks running.

PAID.

much of the excitement of the chase in cing, for it is not every periodical that contributors with the same promptness as ich you hold in your hand.

tice to the Editor of THE MODERN MAN, fair to say that the system of cash on which he has established is the envy ors to all other papers.

itor is, of course, the primary prey, but a and even more elusive quarry is the

have had an article accepted, and using the blandishments of a Delilah, ng of a Machiavelli, and the big stick osevelt, you have secured an order for in advance (your genuine free-lance der himself eternally disgraced if he for payment on publication). Now the

Sometimes there is a horrid doubt as to whether the money is there, but in any case you have to scale a rampart of official objections.

The director, without whose signature the cheque is waste-paper, has gone out to lunch (at 11 a.m.) and won't be back for a month, the books are being balanced, and no cheques can be drawn before Christmas, and so on.

Payment in advance, however, is child's play compared with drawing a bit on account of a hypothetical something to come.

A BIT ON ACCOUNT.

Of course, you can only play this merry game where you are known. I remember one dear old cashier, whom we used to call Jehoshaphat, because his name had a Biblical ring. This is the sort of thing that used to happen.

"Good morning, Mr. Jehoshaphat, lovely weather, isn't it. How well you're looking! Oh, by the way, most 'strordinary thing, but I've come out without any money, could I have a couple of sovereigns till Friday, I've got about a fiver to come.

"No? Really you surprise me. However, I don't want to bother you, make it a sovereign, and I'll clear out.

"Eh, what? Here, don't make me laugh; I've got a sore lip. Just the merry half-James.

"Oh, but I say, dash it all, I've got to go down to Streatham on important business—most important—worth at least a tenner to me. I can't *walk* there, can I?

"Why not? Don't be brutal. After I've starved to death on the Embankment, I'll come and haunt you. Five bob? Thanks very much; come and have a drink."

PROSPECTS.

Free-lancing does not grow easier with the passing years. Editors change more quickly than they used to. It is no uncommon experience to leave a newspaper office one afternoon and to find next morning that it has changed hands, and that there is a new staff, which means that you have to make good your footing all over again.

Then the competition grows more severe. Every tin-pot cricketer or footballer, every notorious criminal, every superannuated detective, everybody who, by fair means or foul, has acquired some little celebrity, turns amateur journalist, and thrusts the professional scribbler down.

Still, free-lancing has one great charm—you are your own master, and you needn't work unless you like. I am rather fed-up with work to-day, so I think I shall go and play billiards. F. L.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Our Readers' Sale and Exchange page was started for your benefit; it is in your own interests that you should avail yourself of it.

Whether you want to find a friend in your own town, country diggings, a cheap sporting outfit, or anything else that our readers can supply you with, you can get it by advertising there.

AUTUMN ANGLING.

HINTS ON PREPARING FOR THE SEASON'S WORK.

With the advent of mid-September, we find ourselves in Autumn once again, and the angler's pulse begins to beat faster. For, behold, the pike-fishing season has started once more; and as that sporting fish does not, like the lordly salmon, affect waters of such an inaccesseible nature as to be the sinecure of the wealthy, a large body of Izaak Walton's disciples will be sallying forth in search of him just now.

But just as the care of his horse is the first consideration of the rider, so does the really keen angler display great concern for his tackle and other implements. And, here, for the benefit of the many readers who will be taking up the art for the first time, we may give some hints as to the care of angling accessories.

First of all we naturally take the rod. This must be kept thoroughly well varnished or oiled, and the "whippings" should be repaired where necessary. Any coachmaker will supply you with suitable varnish; and the renewing of the "whippings" is simply a question of rubbing with emery paper the parts where they have come unbound, and then tightly binding the parts again with fine wire.

Keep the ferrules of your rod lightly smeared with vaseline from time to time, to prevent their rusting; and never place a rod in a damp corner, or suspend it on a damp wall. Be careful, too, that the case in which you keep it has not got damp in some way or other.

Possibly on getting to the river, you may take the rod out of its case, put the latter carelessly in your creel, and start fishing. A shower comes on, water penetrates the wicker-work of the creel, and the rod-case is damped. If you put the rod back into it in this condition, some more or less unpleasant injury is bound to result to it, in the shape of an unglued "top" or something of the kind.

Next, you should waterproof your lines; and here is a good way of doing it. Take one pint of boiled cold-drawn linseed oil, a wineglassful of gold size, two tablespoonsful of copal varnish, pour them all together in an earthenware pot, and cover it to keep out dust. Let it simmer on the hob of a stove for three or four days, so that the varnish may mix thoroughly with the oil. Stir it now and then.

Coil your line in a shallow dish, cover it with some of the mixture, stretch a piece of paper over it, and subject it to a gentle heat for a day or two, so as to allow the dressing to soak in. Then all you have to do is to draw all the line through your finger and thumb (encased in an old kid glove), squeezing fairly hard, and, afterwards, hang it in coils on the backs of two chairs, for a day or two to dry.

Your "gut" should next occupy your attention. The great thing to remember is that you should use guts of different tinges to assimilate to the colour of the sub-aqueous weeds of the waters you are fishing. Here are some good tips for staining gut.

To get a green colour, steep the gut in strong green tea for twelve hours.

For light green, boil a piece of green baize, and soak your "gut" in the liquor before the latter has cooled.

To obtain a brown stain, soak the gut in strong coffee.

Pike sometimes affect decaying weeds, which give out a reddish tint to the surrounding water. Consequently no pike-fisher should be without gut of a fairly deep red hue. And this colour is one of the easiest to obtain. All you have to do is to make a cup of strong black tea, and soak the gut in it until it is a deep red. S. JARVIS.

POINTS ON PRACTICE.

AN ARTICLE FOR FOOTBALL READERS.

By the time this article is in print, the professional Association football season will have started in earnest, but probably few amateur clubs will have summoned sufficient fortitude for leather-chasing matches under a September sun. Most of them, however, will be having their men out for "practice"—and as so much depends on the way in which this is taken, a few hints on getting into trim for football may not be out of place here.

It is a strange fact that many otherwise excellent Association football players habitually transgress one of the foremost points that make for good kicking. They kick the ball with the toe, forgetting or ignoring the fact that it should be kicked with the *instep*. When it is stationary, of course, this is impossible; but even then it may be kicked with the part of the foot between the toe and the instep. The object of this form of kicking is, of course, to keep the ball low.

Very few men are really good tacklers, for this is a department of the game which makes the strongest and most sudden calls on a man's natural presence of mind and natural skill. There are, in the ordinary way, two methods of tackling.

The first is to use one's weight, and, if possible, charge the man off the ball; and the second is to put a foot in front of it, hoping that your opponent may not be able to stop, and so overrun it.

The first method of using one's weight, has the drawback that even when you have got rid of the man, you may not be able to get the ball into control before another forward "bags" it; and one objection to the second method is that if your opponent is coming with a rush, or is an especially heavy man, he will probably "carry the ball through" by means of his own impetus. *But*, on the other hand, if you do dispossess him, the leather is immediately under your control.

In practice, possibly the two methods might advantageously be combined, by placing a foot in front of the ball, at the same time as applying your weight to stop the man. But here you should take care not to overbalance.

One of the departments of practice that most men delight in is shooting at goal, but, alas, a very large number of amateur players shoot very badly. This is because they are too prone to take long shots, which any good custodian can stop with ease. They should always wait until they are within reasonable range, and then kick hard, fast, and *low*. A very successful shot is one taken slightly from one side of the goal, and sent in just off the ground, into the opposite corner.

Shooting, by the way, should always be done with the instep, and not with the toe. If you use the toe, the betting is that the ball will soar over the bar, a result which so often spoils many a pretty passing run.

Twenty years ago Association football was a very different game in appearance from what it is now, for the reason that "heading" the ball was then practically unknown. But nowadays it is done by every member of a team, and in view of its great importance, it should be sedulously practised.

It is used when the ball is on the volley—*i.e.*, in the air—when the player, instead of kicking it, receives it on his head. Clever "headers" manage to give the ball impetus in any direction they wish, some by means of a movement of the neck, and others with a slight jumping action of the body.

But if you do not use the right part of the head, you may knock yourself up. The exact spot can be judged from the words of a famous Oxford International: "The place where your horn would grow if you were a unicorn."

F. N. ELLIS.

Understanding Your Horse.

OF INTEREST TO MOST RIDERS AND DRIVERS.

"Horses were never meant to be ridden or driven, and I confess I am afraid of them."

This was the astonishing remark made to me recently by an officer in the Territorial Artillery.

"Then," I asked him, "why is it that you are so keen on your Territorial work? If you don't like horses, you could very well have joined an Infantry unit."

"I should not have thought of doing that," he said; "somehow or another, horses fascinate me."

In his remarks there is a good deal that is illuminating in the relation that exists between a man and his horse.

WHY MEN LIKE HORSES—

The officer to whom I refer is one of the most fearless and most skilful horsemen that I know. He admits that he is afraid of horses, but it is, nevertheless, his chief delight to be associated with them, and this is because he loves them.

A horse is beautiful, strong, and capricious. You know that in the way of strength he is vastly superior to you, and that is why you want to be able to guide him, and to make him obey you. You know also, that his magnificent muscles, rippling beneath a well-groomed coat, make a better picture than you do, and that is why you like to be upon his back.

In many ways a horse is like a woman. You can be very good friends with another man, but you cannot love him as you can a horse or a woman. The very capriciousness of the horse fascinates you, and it is much the same in the case of women.

Sometimes a horse obeys every command or indication that you give him, and then, all of a sudden, perhaps, just to make you like him better, he becomes restive, and, for the time, takes the law into his own hands.

—AND WOMEN.

If he were constantly your patient drudge, at all times ready to obey without question the desires you conveyed to him, he would cease to be of interest to you.

A woman is very much like that. Sometimes you think that you understand her completely, and then suddenly you are pulled up short, to learn that you know very little about her.

That is why a woman fascinates a man, and that is why a horse fascinates him also.

There are some men who have been associated with horses all their lives but who do not understand them at all. I doubt if any man ever completely understands a h... as no man has ever yet completely u... a woman.

I should say that the essence of ... ship lies in the full and complete app... tion of the softness and beauty of a h... nose! If it is to you an infinite pleasu... draw your hand over the velvety surfac... a horse's nose, then it is possible for y... become a first-class horseman.

There are men who earn their liv... occupations connected with h... accustomed to ride or drive th... long, and who yet do not understand ...

THE GREAT THING NECESSARY.

Complete understanding never co... out love, and you can never set ... as a first-class horseman unless ... love all horses.

The wealthy man in the hunting fi... Territorial trooper whose only mount is ... supplied to him by the Government, ... London vanman, whose horse is ... slave—these men may, or may not, ... stand the horses with whom they d... thoroughly understanding them ... whole of their possible enjoyment, s... their connection with their horses is ... cerned.

And the understanding of a horse ... love of it.

G. R. ...

PUBLIC-HOUSE "DON'TS."

Don't take your eyes off the attend... is serving you with beer. You ... times be given a dirty tankard, o... half the contents of which were left ... previous customer.

Don't drink public-house port.

Don't go in for "nips" of spirit. T... no more injurious habit.

Don't encourage fortuitous tavern ... anceships. You never know who you ... talking to.

THE AMERICANISATION OF T... BRITISH.

Doubtless, you have observed that ... years there has been a wide-spread ... isation of different factors of s... England. It is questionable wh... change is for the better.

One of the foremost instances of t... tention is the newspaper Press, over ... methods there has come a distinct ... even during the last few years.

Whereas once upon a time editor... content to put the happenings of the ... fully but soberly before their reade... nowadays hurl undigested stories, wri... a species of hysterical frenzy, hot at the ... of an almost equally hysterical public. ... we may mention, is not English, but Ame...

And a trip in a tube railway will be ... to give another instance of the prev... the Yankee spirit in the country. W... not so many years ago, a station attenda... a quiet, civil person, he is now a blas... "Don't smoke there!" he howls. ... along there, please, with that baby!" ... shouts to an over-burdened matron. ... wait all day!" And the poor woman ... only to find the door clanged in her ...

Finally, the cute Yankee has invade... realms of advertising, and his ... frankly sickening. This is ... methods are so aggressive. To ... attention, he sticks up a picture of ... man pointing a long finger at you, and ... neath you read some jargon which is ... not English.

When you read that Somebody's ... "The Limit in Underwear Comfort," ... be sure that that beautiful phrase was ... by a Yankee scribe.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES

MORTIMER AUSTIN.

Mr. Kimbrick, stockbroker, softly down the stairs in his stockinged feet, finger on the trigger of the revolver. bright light shone under the closed door of the study. Surely this was not an old hand at the blind to let in the moonlight himself to the gaze of the passing while he worked.

ing noiselessly up to the door, the stock- listened a moment and then grasped the and turned it quickly.

ds up, please," he said calmly. "I can ite straight, so you'd better not move."

burglar was on his knees before the side- in the act of transferring Mr. Kimbrick's silver teapot to a capacious handbag beside him. He stumbled awkwardly to his feet, with jaw and ghastly, drawn face.

ght! Oh, my God!"

es, caught, and rather neatly, I flatter — without a soul in the house being ed. But you haven't done what I asked Put up your hands at once, or I'll drill a you."

glars hands clenched tightly as he hoisted them into the air. His lips moved he wanted to speak but could not.

ow, sit on this chair with your back to me," captor, whirling one from its place on one and setting it in front of him. "No, thoughts, go and sit down on that site, and let's have a square look at

hy don't you send for a copper and get it asked the burglar, sulkily, finding his voice "Why the devil do you play with me like h a mouse?"

! I thought as much. You are not the common or garden—I mean house- you. There's not much of the Bill Sikes Are you an amateur at the game, or the aristocrats of the profession—may I

burglar compressed his lips tightly and silent. He eyed his tormentor with cold fed contempt.

Kimbrick smiled.

here, my lord," he said. "You don't you wouldn't look like that at me. I words; and I am just as likely to to hand you over to the police, if I you deserve to be let off."

ion of hope showed in the burglar's eyes, colour began to return to his pale, care- face.

ou don't mean that, sir? You are not still with me?"

this your first job? Honour bright, now."

swear it is, sir. It's not the first time I've though. I—I tried to break into a house suit, in the next road, but I thought better sir, when I had the window open and all."

funked it, in other words?"

, sir, I felt I couldn't go on with it. I it was conscience that stopped me."

conscience didn't stop you to-night from my best silver teapot inside the bag that science also did not prevent you bringing ou."

man gets desperate when he has seen his e, sir—sinking lower and lower, day after r want of proper food."

eary, bitter look crossed the burglar's not sing face—a face that struck the stock- as strangely like his own, allowing for its d, famished, almost wolfish expression.

ur wife is ill?"

s, sir, and I can't get work of any kind. cabinet-maker by trade, and there's g doing."

stockbroker was lolling on the back of the he had placed in front of him, with the er held carelessly in his right hand. He t of his own wife lying in the grave, and child—his little girl sleeping the sleep of innocence upstairs in her cot. His face involuntarily softened, and the mocking, cynical smile left his eyes.

"For your wife's sake," he said, "and also perhaps a little for your own, I will let you go. Keep quiet and I'll tell you where you may find work. See that card stuck behind the overmantel, apply at that address in the morning. I know they want men to deliver bills or something of that kind; and anyone will do. Now, quick march!"

"How can I thank——" began the man sheepishly, twisting the card about in his fingers.

"Don't try to. Try to—to keep honest. It pays in the end."

Mr. Job Kimbrick returned to bed, after closing the front door behind his unexpected visitor, feeling a better man than he had done for months.

"Yes, honesty is the best policy," he muttered. "If only——"

And Mr. Kimbrick sighed as he put the revolver back in its case and switched out the light.

Six months later all London was startled by the arrest of Mr. Job Kimbrick, the highly respected stockbroker, on a charge of embezzling funds entrusted to his charge.

The trial was one of the sensations of the day, but it did not take very long. The case was all too easily proved. Yet it was almost a relief to the prisoner when the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty" against him.

Nevertheless, it was as one in a dream that he stood up in the dock to hear the judge pass sentence upon him.

". . . A most heartless case," the judge droned on. "You have brought an old man to extreme poverty. . . . I feel sure I am not exceeding my duty in passing upon you the severest sentence the law permits, in order that your punishment may be an exemplary lesson to yourself as well as to others."

Then the court, the judge, the jury, and the rows of black-robed lawyers all faded from his vision, as he remembered what this meant for his child—the little girl that his wife had given her life to bring into the world.

"My God!" he muttered half aloud. "To think that she must be pointed at with the finger of scorn as a convicted felon's child—as the daughter of that heartless scoundrel, Job Kimbrick! She will grow up to hate me—to detest her father's name."

"Come along," growled the warder beside him. And he was led down the steps of the dock back to the cell he had just quitted.

It had another occupant now—a man of about his own age and build, and cleanshaven, too, like himself, but poorly clad, he was dully conscious of noticing. The door was shut upon them with a discordant clash that jarred every over-wrought nerve in his body, and he stumbled to the stone bench he saw vacant and sank listlessly upon it.

"Mr. Kimbrick, don't you remember me?"

He roused himself with an effort, and turned and looked at the man beside him.

"I—I can't say that I do," he said slowly, after a half-hearted scrutiny. "And yet your face certainly seems familiar."

"Don't you remember the burglar you nabbed last March and let off? I ain't forgotten you, sir."

"Ah, I remember now; but you—you promised to try and live honestly, didn't you? I hadn't much right to advise you to, had I? But it was all up with me even then. Perhaps that was why I let you go."

"I've run straight ever since, sir. I got the job you told me of, but it didn't last long. Still, it helped to cheer my wife's last hours, and God bless you for it, Mr. Kimbrick. I don't care what other folks say. You done me a good turn and I don't forget it. It was thanks to you that the wife lived a few months longer, and she was all I had in the world. But she's dead now. I've never a soul to care for now."

"Well, you're luckier than I was. No one let me off my first offence. I might have put things straight if they'd given me time. And, what's more, I *have* got someone to care for. Poor little kiddie! She is too young yet to understand, but in a few years she will; and what will she think of me——"

He buried his head in his hands again and relapsed into silence.

"Mr. Kimbrick, here's someone who will let you off your first offence," said his companion, after a full minute had passed without a word. "*I* will."

"You will? What on earth do you mean, man?"

"I mean what I say, sir. I've been sentenced to a day's imprisonment for 'refractory conduct' —that was what they called it—at the workhouse. I saw an old man knocked about, and I took his part. That's all, honestly, sir. Yes, it's come to the workhouse I have, Mr. Kimbrick, since the wife's death.

"But never mind that now. It was drink that did it, and I've only got myself to thank. Quick! We sha'n't be disturbed till the court rises. We'll have plenty of time. Let's have your clothes!"

"But—but what do you mean to do? I don't understand."

"I am going to take your sentence, and you'll take mine."

"Oh, it is absurd! They'd spot it at once."

"I don't see why. I am a man of fair education. If we change clothes they won't suspect there's anything wrong, and we're not at all unlike to look at. Come on, off with your clothes! I mean it, man—I mean it! This is the only way I can repay the debt I owe you, and I am going to do it. How long have you got? I mean your sentence. What is it?"

"Seven years. Oh, you can't——"

"Life isn't worth living to me. I will cheerfully take your sentence on my shoulders. Look sharp! Undress; there's no saying when the court may rise."

With the wild desire for freedom pulsing through his blood, Mr. Kimbrick offered no further objections. He scarcely realised what the man's self-sacrifice meant. He only knew that here was a chance of giving his girl an honest father, even if it were in another country and under another name.

A quarter of an hour later the cell door opened.

"Job Kimbrick!" called a policeman outside.

The stockbroker half rose to obey the call. He was pulled quickly back and his companion strode forward.

The door closed upon his saviour's form: he was alone.

Would the fraud be discovered? Every step that he heard in the corridor seemed to spell his doom. He scarcely dared to think of what he should do if he got clear.

Five minutes—ten minutes passed. He heard the "Black Maria" driving out of the yard. Footsteps approached: his cell-door opened again.

"William Lloyd, the court has risen, so you can go. Hurry up, please! That's the way out."

"COLOURS."

AN INTERESTING ARTICLE ON THE INSIGNIA OF SPORT.

"Play up Reds!"

Simultaneously the cry rises from thousands of throats as the swaying multitude round the football enclosure cranes this way and that to follow the moves of the great game. They do not think of calling their favourite club by its actual name. Just as they like to see the colours in the van so do they make them the fetish by which they cheer the men on.

Anyhow, "Buck up Reds!" is, on the face of it, a more attractive cry for the enthusiastic sportsman than "Buck up, Woolwich Arsenal!"

In view of the fact that very few sporting organisations do not possess some colour-combination of their own, it may interest a good many of our readers to put some of the best known before them here.

First of all, in speaking of sporting colours, those of racing spring at once into the mind.

We cannot pick up a sporting paper without reading that "as the horses raced into the straight, the crimson and yellow hoops were seen in the race; and Lady Godiva went ahead to win easily by three lengths," and so on.

First of all, therefore, we will take racing colours.

Of primary interest, to all sporting readers, will be those of our late King, which we all hope, and at the same time feel sure, will continue to be used by our present Sovereign. These are purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, and black-velvet cap with a gold fringe.

Very popular colours are those of Mr. "Fairie," otherwise Mr. Cox, whose Lemberg won this year's Derby. He has two sets of colours: one, white, orange sleeves and cap; and the other, white, with orange cross-belts.

Another well-known owner who possesses more than one registered colour is Lord Rosebery, whose jockeys can wear either primrose and rose hoops and a red cap, or the same with a primrose cap, or else the same again with a dark blue cap.

Quite recently Joe Plant, the well-known jockey, was thrown and badly injured by a horse called Blackstone. The latter belongs to Mr. P. Nelke, whose colours are red and brown (halved sleeves and cap reversed).

Finally, we may give the colours of two well-known theatrical racing-men, Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. G. P. Huntley. The former's are purple and maroon stripes with a white cap; while Mr. Huntley's are claret with apple-green sleeves.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. G. P. Huntley goes in for a more ornate colour scheme, her feminine taste inclining towards red and white stripes, blue sleeves with white stars, and blue cap.

A good many men who wear coloured ribbons on their straw hats, or buy blazers in a happy-go-lucky frame of mind, always run a certain risk of being suspected of trying to affect membership of clubs to which they do not belong.

Most of them—as decent chaps—would, of course, be horrified at such an idea.

If you are not a member of the M.C.C. do not buy a hat or a blazer with equal stripes of vermilion and canary; and, in the same way, if you do not belong to the I Zingari, avoid sporting kit of any kind that is adorned with red, black, and yellow stripes.

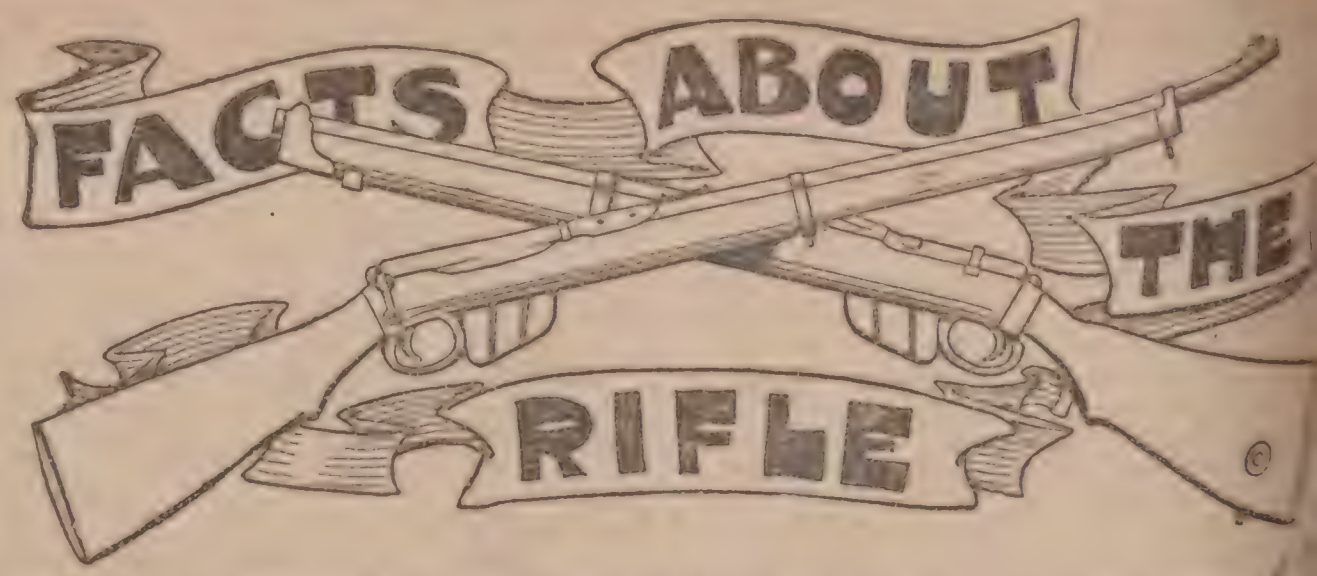
The colours of some of the most prominent county clubs may be interesting to our cricketing readers.

Kent, the champions, sport dark blue caps and blazers with the horse of Kent embroidered on them in silver.

Surrey, who have been sticking to their heels all through the season, are known by chocolate caps and blazers with the Prince of Wales's feathers.

Lancashire, of course, have a red rose (on a dark blue ground), while Yorkshire have a white rose (on medium blue). One of the prettiest county colours is Leicestershire's, a yellow fox on a dark green cap, with a narrow red stripe.

R. V. ESMOND.



DETAILS OF WHICH A KNOWLEDGE IS ESSENTIAL TO SOUND MARKSMANSHIP.

Happily the number of men who confess without some feeling of shame that they know nothing whatever about a rifle is on the decrease, although one still occasionally finds a man who observes half boastfully that he does not know one end of the thing from another, as if a total ignorance of the weapons on which the defence of his country depends was something to be proud of.

There are few men, however, even among those who are actually serving their King and country who know as much about a rifle as they ought to know or as they would like to know. They may have a genuine affection for their weapon and skill in using it, and yet know little of its history and of how it "works."

The earliest guns, or muskets as they were called, had smooth-bore barrels and threw round lead balls. As these were loaded from the muzzle and roughly cast, they were smaller than the bore, and allowed the escape of some of the gases that propelled them, and for this reason especially their flight was far more erratic than that of the modern bullet, which is loaded from the breech and forced into the rifling of the barrel.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The range at which accurate shooting is possible is now ten times as great as it was one hundred years ago.

It was only in 1807 that the percussion cap was invented—by a clergyman, I believe. It was originally put on separately (when it took one and a-half to two minutes to load), but is now included in the cartridge, being fired by a striker of which the spring is released by the trigger. The explosion of the cap itself explodes the cordite with which the cartridge is packed, and forces the bullet out of the chamber and into the barrel.

The sudden conversion of the cordite into intensely hot gases exerts a pressure of about seventeen tons per square inch on the tail of the bullet, which is expelled from the muzzle at a velocity of about 2,000 feet per second.

The base of the bullet is now actually larger than the bore of the rifle, being .311in., while the calibre of the rifle is .303in. This is to ensure its being forced into the grooves of the rifling, which is intended to give a spin to the bullet, and thus to make an elongated bullet possible.

WHAT RIFLING IS FOR.

Without this "spin" the long-shaped bullet would turn over and over in the air, and only a spherical bullet could be used. This would, of course, present far greater resistance to the air.

Also any imperfections on the surface of the bullet meet the air on all sides of the bullet and not only on one side throughout its flight.

When one realises the immense power that is required to propel a bullet 3,000 yards, it is easy to understand that even a blank cartridge can do very serious damage at close quarters, while in case of a bursting cartridge or a back-fire there is a tremendous force of gas seeking an outlet at the breech.

To allow for this there are three important little safeguards, which are seldom noticed, on the Lee-Enfield rifle. Two small holes appear on the body of the rifle on either side of the breech to allow for a side escape of gas if a cartridge bursts, while there is another small hole or gas-escape in the bolt-head itself to provide against a blow-back from a defective cap.

When a rifle is fired from the shoulder a series of vibrations are caused by the passage of the bullet through the barrel, which cause the muzzle to move slightly upwards and to the left. These vibrations are called "jump."

THE EFFECT OF THE BAYONET.

The jump has been taken into account in sighting the rifle, the foresight being set a few inches to the left to counteract the leftward jump, and the upward jump being allowed for on the backsight.

But if you fired the rifle from a vice *with a bayonet fixed* the jump would be neutralised, and the bullet would go low and to the right. At five hundred yards—the greatest distance at which bayonets are used on service—the bullet would go six inches to the right of the mark and four and a-half inches below it.

As the same sights have to be used, this must be allowed for in taking aim.

As a matter of fact, however, the trouble with a man who is at close quarters with the enemy and is therefore excited, is to fire too high, so that the order to fix bayonets is often given as much with a view to steadying the shooting of the men and to inspiring confidence as for any other purpose.

JOHN GERVAIS.

BOUNDERS OF THE 'BUS.

The other day in a crowded 'bus a writer saw an incident that is by no means uncommon. The vehicle had stopped, and a young man got up to leave it. He rested his hand to the overhead rail to steady himself, and then, letting go, dropped his hand hard upon the hat of an elderly lady sitting underneath. One would have imagined that common decency would have prompted an apology, but in this case the offender left the 'bus without a word.

'Bus bounders are many and of all types. There is the man who on a wet day sits in front despite the fact that he is holding a dripping umbrella in his hand, and puffs at it secretly to the intense annoyance of asthmatic neighbours who feel that the interior of the vehicle is close enough already.

Then there is his colleague who sits behind and in front smoking cigarettes on a windy day.

But the 'bus bounder is not always a man. The woman who sits next to you with an armament of hatpins endangering your eyesight is the worst of all.

THE RULES OF HOCKEY

A LUCID EXPLANATION OF AN INTRICATE SUBJECT.

hockey team consists of eleven players, they are usually arranged as for Asso- football—*i.e.*, five forwards, three -backs, two backs, and a goalkeeper. At same time, this setting of the field is no re compulsory than it is at "Soccer," and eam will often find it pay them to vary the and defence, increasing or decreasing forward line.

wo "halves" of thirty-five minutes con- ute the usual game, though this may be ed by mutual consent of the respective tains.

The ground should be 100 yards long, and more than 60 or less than 55 yards oss.

al-posts are four yards apart, measured m the inside, and the cross-bar is seven t from the ground.

R KING CIRCLE.

In front of each goal, fifteen yards n and parallel to the goal-line, is marked line four yards long. This line is con- ed to meet the goal-line by quarter circles wn from the goal-posts as centres. The ce thus enclosed is called the "striking le."

The ball is a cricket ball painted white, it may be made of white leather.

The stick has a flat surface on its left-hand only. It must be free from metal, ghts, or sharp edges and be capable of ng passed through a two-inch ring. An indiarubber ring may be worn on it, the total weight of the stick, plus ring, cing, &c., must not exceed 28oz.

t is a great mistake for a beginner to a heavy stick, for it is apt to make him a slogger, besides spoiling his "touch." A novice will do well to start with a stick under 24oz., and preferably one whose is at right angles to the handle.

LING AND SHOOTING PRACTICE.

beginner should also practise assidu- ly. A good plan is to put down a couple old balls, and to dribble them round a , striking each alternately and striving to them both under control.

o far as the general run of the play is erned, hockey is much the same as ccer," but there are some important dif- nces.

t "Soccer" a player can shoot a goal n any part of the field, but at hockey a can only be scored when the ball is hit n within the striking circle or glances off stick of an attacker standing within the le.

hen at "Soccer" a goal may be scored ct from a corner-kick, but not so at key.

ER v. HOCKEY.

t the latter game a goal from a corner or alty corner hit can only be scored when ttacker has stopped the ball motionless on ground, or the ball has touched the stick erson of one of the defenders before the ing hit is made.

hen at "Soccer" no player, except, of se, the goalkeeper may handle the ball, at hockey anyone may catch the ball so as he drops it immediately. On the r hand, the hockey man must not pick up ball, carry it, kick it, throw it, or propel ither backwards or forwards except with stick.

he principal fouls at hockey are: icks, *i.e.*, raising any part of the stick e the shoulders at the beginning or end stroke; hitting with the rounded back of

the stick, charging, kicking, shoving, shinning, tripping, and hooking. It is permissible, however, to hook an opponent's stick so long as the stick hooked is within striking distance of the ball.

A player is not allowed intentionally to undercut the ball, but this does not apply to genuine "scooping" nor to hitting at the ball when it is in the air.

As to off-side, if an attacker hits or rolls the ball in from touch, any player of his side who is nearer the goal-line than he is, is off-side. unless he has at least three opponents between him and the goal-line. As at "Soccer," however, a player cannot be off-side in his own half of the field.

PENALTIES.

The goalkeeper may kick the ball while within the striking circle, except in the case of a "penalty bully."

For any breach of the rules within the striking circle the usual punishment is a "penalty corner."

An ordinary "corner" is taken from any point on the goal-line within three yards of the corner flag, but in the case of a "penalty corner" the ball may be placed anywhere on the goal-line so long as it is not within ten yards of the nearest goal-post.

The defenders must have their feet and sticks behind the line when any corner is taken, and none of them must stand within five yards of the striker. The remainder of the attacking side are outside the striking circle.

In the case of serious and *wilful* breach of the rules within the striking circle the umpire may award a "penalty bully."

This is played by the offender and one of the other side, the ball being put down where the breach occurred. The remaining players station themselves beyond the twenty-five yards line and may not cross that line or take any part in the play until the bully is completed.

To play the bully each player strikes the ground on his own side of the ball and then his opponent's stick above the ball three times alternately, after which one of them must strike the ball before it is in general play.

THE UMPIRE'S POWERS.

In the case of a "penalty bully," if there is any further breach of the rules by the offender, except failure to take the bully properly, then the umpire shall award the attacking side a goal as if it had been actually scored.

There are usually two umpires, each taking one half of the ground.

An excellent rule allows the umpire to refrain from enforcing any rule in cases where he is satisfied that by so doing he would be giving an advantage to the attacking side.

At "Soccer" one often hears a player who has been deliberately fouled whistled back for a free kick, when if he had been allowed to go on he would probably have scored.

Finally, in cases of rough play or misconduct the umpires have discretionary power either to warn the offender or to send him off the ground without further ado.

C. D. WHARTON.

CATCH-PHRASES.

In the busy City street, a portly dame drops her reticule, and stoops ponderously to recover it. A diminutive office-boy of the objectionably perky type so frequently met with nowadays, passes by sniggering. "My *word!*" he mutters audibly, "if I catch you bendin'!"

He is pleased with himself. He is well up with the times. He has found a deliciously humorous opportunity to fire off a catch-phrase.

A certain type of Englishman—and especially the Cockney—dearly loves a catch-phrase. And when, mushroom-like, one springs up, he uses it repeatedly until it dies of exhaustion.

It's a curious fact that a great many catch-phrases deal with hats. "Where did you get that hat?" and, coming closer to the present day, "I see you've got yer old brown hat on," are notorious cases in point.

Most catch-phrases are given to us by prominent music-hall comedians, whom, by the way, we do not thank.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual size)

BILLIARD-ROOM GOSSIP.

THE MEN WHOSE NAMES WILL SOON BE IN EVERYONE'S MOUTH.

September sees the opening of the professional billiard season, and enthusiasts are looking forward to a renewal of the friendly-antagonism between H. W. Stevenson and Melbourne Inman.

Last season, it will be remembered, Inman challenged Stevenson for the championship under Billiard Control Club Rules, and they duly met in the spring. The sad death of Mrs. Stevenson, however, caused the match to be abandoned when there was "nothing in it."

Legally, Inman was entitled to claim the title and stakes, Stevenson retiring when the news of his bereavement came, but, like the good sportsman he is, he declined to do so.

The question of supremacy, therefore, is yet to be decided and there is sure to be a rare tussle when the time comes.

The postponement has probably favoured Inman. He is quite as good an open game player as Stevenson, but has not his mastery of the "top of the table" game; or rather he had not when they last met. But Inman told me then that he intended seriously to practise "top of the table" play, and he is the sort of man who keeps his word.

On account of his Christian name, Inman is sometimes put down as an Australian, but he is an Englishman all through, born and bred at Twickenham. His father kept a club there, and it was while acting as marker to the members that Inman acquired and developed his remarkable losing hazard striking.

In his play Inman is careful, dogged, and imperturbable, though perhaps not so phenomenally serene as Cecil Harverson, who appears to be quite impervious to ill-luck.

Professionals, it is comforting to an amateur to know, do have their spells of misfortune, their days when nothing comes off for them, and everything favours their opponent, but Harverson is unruffled through it all.

Like his former great antagonist, Charles Dawson, H. W. Stevenson is a Yorkshireman, born at Hull in 1874. He was brought up, however, in London, and started life as a youthful cashier at a big Kensington draper's. Then he joined the clerical staff of a West-End club, and, through occasionally taking the place of the billiard-marker, took to the game at which he was to win such fame.

Stevenson, like all billiard players, is nervy. It is interesting to know that he believes in a moderate allowance of good, sound Burgundy as the best tonic during the strain of an important match.

A slow player at one time, Stevenson is now probably quite as fast as John Roberts at his best.

Fred Weiss, the Australian, if not an absolute top-notcher, is a sound and popular player.

He found his favourite cue in the rack of a public billiard saloon in Melbourne.

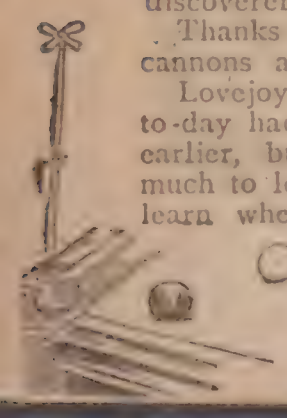
E. Diggle, the Mancunian, is a great player, and would be an even greater one had he better health. It was chiefly Diggle's astonishing skill at the "push" stroke that led to its being barred.

Another player who can boast of having caused an alteration in the rules of the game is W. A. Lovejoy, the ex-amateur, and discoverer of the "cradle" cannon.

Thanks to Lovejoy, ball to ball consecutive cannons are now limited to 25.

Lovejoy might have been open champion to-day had he taken to the professional game earlier, but even the best of amateurs has much to learn, and, perhaps, still more to unlearn when he joins the professional ranks.

A. C. RICHARDSON.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE LEAGUE. I am printing this week the first instalment of the names and addresses of the members of THE MODERN MAN League.

I do so because I want the League members in the various towns to get into communication with one another.

The atmosphere of THE MODERN MAN is difficult to define, but I think that you will agree with me that its tendency has been to eliminate the conventional and to endeavour to find the true.

You have your desires, your ambitions, your fears, and so forth; you imagine that no one else feels just the same, and you keep aloof from your fellow-men; you become, in fact, a lonely chap. One of my reasons for founding the League was to give the lonely chap a better chance of getting to know his fellow-men.

FRIENDSHIP AND UNITED STRENGTH. The spirit of the paper, to which I have referred several times, is more than a mere phrase. It is not something of my own creation; it is something that exists in every full-blooded man, no matter what may be his social class. All I have done, is to give it expression. This spirit exists, I am proud to say, in all my readers, and particularly among League members.

If a man is a member of THE MODERN MAN League, you know at once, without any certificate or reference or testimonial, that he is a jolly good sort. He is a man whom you will like, and, as you also are a reader of this paper, it is more than probable that he will like you. I am printing the names and addresses of the members of the League, because I want all the members in the various towns to get to know one another.

Union is strength, and by means of the united power of the members of the League, which is now represented in every part of the country, I trust to create a kinder, more generous outlook on life.

A considerable number of members of the League have requested me to refrain from publishing their names, and, of course, I have respected their wishes. If, at any time, these should desire to reconsider their decision, I shall be happy to add their names in a supplementary list.

The names and addresses of those readers who join after the publication of the various lists will also appear in a supplementary one.

A READER'S LETTER. I have received from a reader a letter which has greatly impressed me. He is a League member, and I do not propose even to indicate the town in which he lives, in case he should be identified on the publication of the list of members referring to his town.

His letter is a long one, dealing with various sacrifices that he has made on behalf of his parents.

He does not grumble at all, but he says: "You will see how this kind of thing has kept me short in the matter of money, and prevented me from indulging as much as I should like in sport. I sometimes think that if I could have spent my screw on club subscriptions and that kind of thing, I should have made some sort of name in athletics, and should have been better worthy of being a member of the League.

"Perhaps after reading this letter you will think it necessary to erase my name from the list of members. If so, just put in the 'Brief Replies' column, 'B.A. cancelled.' I hope, however, that you will not take this step without due consideration, for I may say that I am as proud of wearing the League badge, as you are of belonging to the 'King's Own.'"

PROVING YOURSELF A SPORTSMAN. I think that this extra... his letter is sufficient to g... an idea of my own ... about it. Far from cutti... name out, I am more than proud to ... him as one of the League.

A man may prove himself a sports... sacrifices on behalf of those dear to h... as much as, or even more than, by ex... in athletics.

We want some more ...

IS IT WORTH WHILE? Another letter received fr... reader interests me mo... usual. "I admire the ... of THE MODERN MAN," he says, "Sel... I admire the doings of Richard ... Andrew Carnegie, and other men ... fought their own way; but have you ... ever stopped to think whether it is wo... trouble?

"I have a job that brings me £2 ... and does not entail any great worry. ... have to get to work early in the morni... I am always home by five at night. ... can't say as much. You have adm... you work early and late, and I am sure ... you have a lot of worry as well."

THINGS A MAN WORKS FOR. I do not mind confe... have sometimes thoug... man with an easy, steady ... free from worry, such ... correspondent appears to have, is an ... person, even though his salary is com... small and his prospects insignificant, b... such thought has been a very transie...

I am not a fatalist, but I believe that ... of us is born with definite character... I am afraid that one of my char... the highly reprehensible one of ...

I frankly confess that I am never ... than when dealing with some unexp... difficult problem in the course of the ... work. In running a paper you ... find yourself in opposition to some o... son's interests, and sometimes it is a q... whether your interests or the other ma... to win.

You tackle the problem, deal with ... probably over the telephone, and ... episode with a sigh of relief, pre... think, similar to the sigh of satisfactio... which you leave off violent physical exe... You have won—fairly, of course—and ... are well satisfied.

Another thing that makes it worth w... struggle in your early days, and to w... the inevitable amount of worry in ... a large business after those days of ... are past, is the obtaining of the ... upon which you have set your heart.

To get home when your neighbour... in bed, to take a hurried supper, saddle ... horse, and ride back towards the ... the moonlight playing between the ... you trot along, and your horse shying ... playfully than in fear, at his own ... whenever you pass a lamp, to trot easily ... beside the railway line, waiting for the ... tended panic of your mount when the ... train comes puffing and fiery throu... bridge from London, to hold him ... laugh at him—these things are, I think, ... the compensations of having worked ...

There are other things, too, that ... enables you to secure or contri... strangely enough, when a man is pott... the demand that he shall justify his ... it is such little points as his gratifica... bitions in the matter of recreation ... occur to him—trivial as these things ... necessarily appear to other people.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, Lond...

GOOD SPORTSMEN ALL.

We have pleasure in printing this week our first list of members of THE MODERN MAN League. If your name has inadvertently been omitted, please let us know, and we shall include it in the supplementary list. To become a member of the League, fill in the form on page 13 and send it to us.—EDITOR.]

CARNE.
[illegible] BAZZARD, 4, Dan-y-Rhiw Terrace.

ABERCYNON.
[illegible] DAVIES, 67, Abercynon Road.
[illegible] MARGREST, 6, Gwendoline Terrace.
[illegible] JAMES, Junr., Abercynon House.
[illegible] 31, Margaret Street.
[illegible] STEPHENS, 32, Ynysmeruig Road.
[illegible] TAYLOR, 6, Gwendoline Terrace.
[illegible] LLOYD WOOD, 10, Fife Street.

BARRY.
[illegible] BOWDEN, Fforchneol Arms, Godreaman.
[illegible] GIBBS, 2, Gordon Villas, Cwmbach Road.
[illegible] HOWELL, 3, Clifton Crescent, Aberannan.
[illegible] WILLIAMS, 60, Pembroke Street.

BRYNMAWR.
[illegible] ADAMS, 5, Leadside Road.
[illegible] DAVID, 39, Summerfield Terrace.
[illegible] 53, St. Peter's Street.
[illegible] HEPBURNER, 62, Commerce Street.
[illegible] Rosemount Place.
[illegible] 4, Ferryhill Place.
[illegible] 104, George Street.
[illegible] "Ecclesgreig," Belgrave Terrace.
[illegible] 219, Union Street.
[illegible] Union Street.
[illegible] 62, Whitehall Road.
[illegible] FOREST, 410, King Street.
[illegible] 16, Wallfield Place.
[illegible] Irvine Place.
[illegible] 19, Brighton Place.
[illegible] 56, Esslemont Avenue.
[illegible] Esslemont Avenue.
[illegible] Street.
[illegible] HELL, Junr., 13, Great Western Place.
[illegible] HELL, 6, Victoria Buildings, Bankhead.
[illegible] R, 720, Great Northern Road, Woodside.
[illegible] SON, Junr., 258, Union Grove.
[illegible] Hillhead Terrace.
[illegible] ROBERTS, 4, Douglas Place, Old Aberdeen.
[illegible] 3, Seamount Place.
[illegible] E, 78, Skene Street.
[illegible] LKER, 132, Walker Road
[illegible] ATT, 258, Union Grove.

CAERLEON.
[illegible] CLARK, Old Vicarage, Llanover.
[illegible] HYATT, 30, Richmond Road.

CAERPHILLY.
[illegible] A. M. ADAM, Speyview.

CARDIFF.
[illegible] EDMUNDS, 60, Bryngwyn Road, Six Bells.
[illegible] RICHARDS, 11, Ashfield Road.
[illegible] SAMSOM, 47, Victoria Terrace.
[illegible] TAMLYN, 76, New Gladstone Street.

CHEPSTWYTH.
[illegible] ATKINS, The Lodge, Nant-Eos.
[illegible] E. JONES, 4, Penglaise Road.
[illegible] JONES, 3, Castle Terrace.
[illegible] W. A. THOMPSON, Carlisle House, 22, Queen's Road

COGDON.
[illegible] CROSS, Radley College.

CORRINGTON.
[illegible] AINSWORTH, Oakfield House, Blackburn Road.
[illegible] ASHTON, Tramway Terrace.
[illegible] T. BALDERSTONE, 10, Whittaker Street.
[illegible] BEEKE, 1, Linn Street.
[illegible] BUTLER, Princess Street.
[illegible] WOOD, Regent House.
[illegible] 2, Stevenson Street, Spring Hill.
[illegible] Nuttall Street.
[illegible] 125, Avenue Parade.
[illegible] 8, Craven Street.
[illegible] 51, Westwood Street.
[illegible] ROSTSON, 146, Blackburn Road.
[illegible] 62, Owen Street.
[illegible] 23, Ramsbottom Street.
[illegible] 13, Willows Lane.
[illegible] 103, Willows Lane.
[illegible] 43, Owen Street.
[illegible] 17, Dutton Street.
[illegible] 399, Blackburn Road.
[illegible] 27, Park Road.

COGDON.
[illegible] TUNNICLIFFE, Fairfield Hall.

CRESTON.
[illegible] MESSENGER, Acacia Avenue.

CROGTON.
[illegible] 58, Railway Road.
[illegible] 35, Blacking Mill Lane.

[illegible] FORREST, 65, Graham Street.
[illegible] LINDSAY, 23, Kippen Street.
[illegible] SCOTT, 109, Roslin Terrace.

CRUSHOT.
[illegible] BRUNTON, B Squadron, 19th Hussars.
[illegible] SHELDRAKE, 3rd Dragoon Guards.
[illegible] USHERWOOD, Eygars Hill House.
[illegible] WATERS, B Squadron, 7th Hussars.

CUPTON.
[illegible] FEATHER, Hull Street.
[illegible] FLEMONS, Boron's Yard, Somercotes.
[illegible] HUDSON, Somercotes Hill.

(*To be continued.*)

A SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

"Can you," said the tourist to the oldest inhabitant of the village, "direct me to the Roman Camp?"

The oldest inhabitant scratched his head in the usual manner, settled his weight more firmly upon his walking-stick, expectorated and replied:

"Keep straight on," said he, "till you see a gate nigh the 'Black Bull.' Take the path alongside the wood till you come to old Mary Stiggles's cottage. You'll know it by the blue clematis over the door. Don't go up to the door but hammer on the gate, so's old Mary'll have to come down the path to see what you be wantin'."

"Yes, yes," the tourist broke in impatiently, "And can she direct me to the Roman fort?"

"Well, you see it's this way," resumed the oldest inhabitant deliberately; "Mary was a servant at the Hall till she got too old, and the Squire's lady takes a kind interest in her and gives her things; the last thing she's give her is one o' them hobble-skirts that her ladyship got down from London but couldn't abide. Now when you see old Mary comin' down the path in that hobble skirt, you won't want to see no Roman fort; it'd be tame like after lookin' at old Mary."

PASSENGER: "I suppose you've had many hairbreadth escapes?"

CAPTAIN: "Well, I was nearly drowned once."

PASSENGER: "How did it happen?"

CAPTAIN: "I went to sleep in the bath and forgot to turn the water off."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The one and only inn of the village was full up, and the young man on a walking tour found himself in difficulties as to accommodation for the night.

The genial landlord, however, suggested that he should apply at a certain neighbouring farm, and the young man did so.

It transpired that the farmer had a bed available, as his cowman had gone into the neighbouring town on an errand, and this bed the young man agreed to occupy.

As he was about to undress, there came a knock at his door, and the farmer's buxom daughter inserted her head.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but would you have any objection to a bed companion?"

"Well, I'm ——. Why, not at all; but, you know ——" stammered the young man.

"Because the cowman's come back," she added.

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[*It has been suggested by several correspondents that we should break away in a slight measure from the policy of sporting interest and light amusement which we have followed hitherto, and introduce a more instructive element into our pages. We propose, therefore, to devote this space for a week or two to the dissemination of knowledge, and to take by the hand those of our readers who are in need of guidance.*—EDITOR.]

Question: What is the town of Newcastle famous for?

Answer: That is a very easy one, little boy. It is famous for the fact that the Duke of Newcastle "gave away" Mdlle. Adeline Genée, the famous ballet dancer, on the occasion of her recent marriage.

* * *

Q.: Who signed Magna Carta?

A.: We don't quite remember; but we can assure our readers that it wasn't us.

* * *

Q.: What is the meaning of "A nicht wi' Burns?"

A.: It is the expression used by Mr. Lloyd George when he goes to Lavender Gardens to enjoy a pipe and glass with the President of the Local Government Board, and discuss new dodges for squeezing the ratepayer. We believe, by the way, that there was once a poet called Burns; but he is not of sufficient importance for the phrase to allude to him.

* * *

Q.: Can you tell me how to stop blushing? (This is a query which is frequently put to us by lady readers).

A.: It is a difficult question; but you might manage it by asking your young man to change the subject, and talk about the weather.

J. GORDON HOOD.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELIGHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to enlist their sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative connoisseurs. Does the offer as detailed below take away from the value of the Cigarettes? Certainly not. Alexander, Orr & Co. make it because they want **MORE** clients, and their recommendations must tell up in the year. The prices are:—

Virginia, No. 14 ... 50, 1s. 6d.; 100, 3s.
Turkish, No. 8 ... 50, 2s. 4d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

Make Application AT ONCE, Sending P.O. 3s. Virginia, or 4s. 6d. Turkish, and a Match-box will be sent with the Cigarettes. Do It To-day!

ALEXANDER, ORR & CO.,
24, Southwark St., London.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

VARICOSE VEINS.

A trouble to which many men, especially footballers and other athletes, are subject, and which has probably "ploughed" more men than any other defect in medical examinations for the Territorial Army and so on, is that of varicose veins.

They are often due to poorness of the blood, which lacks the elements essential to the building of strong tissue.

Thus the tissue becomes weakened, and a slight increase in the blood pressure causes the vein to distend and remain so permanently.

The best remedy, therefore, is to adopt such a diet as will improve the quality of the blood and strengthen the tissues.

Ordinary cold water applied externally to the affected part is also a valuable remedy, and the whole limb should be bathed in very cold water several times daily.

A good blood-forming diet and exercise which will raise the vitality is the best permanent remedy, for though this cannot reduce the distended veins, it can so strengthen the surrounding tissue that no inconvenience will be felt, and the danger of the veins bursting, even without the wearing of an elastic bandage, is reduced to a minimum.

Tall people who have to do much standing are especially liable to varicose veins, and they are also often caused by obstructions in the circulation—for instance, by tight garters.

A CHEST EXPANDER.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated, clench the fists, tense the arm muscles, and throw the arms out horizontally in the position shown in the sketch. The head also should be thrown back as far as possible.

Now bend forward from the hips (not from the waist), keeping the upper part of the body in the same position, and when you have bent as far forward as possible, bring the arms slowly together in front of the chest.

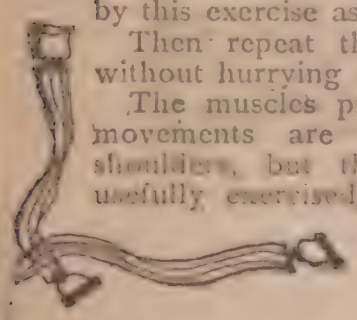
Force the arms back, but keep them horizontal.

Pause a moment in this position, with the head sunk on the chest, and then rise slowly to the starting position, opening out the arms as you do so, until the chest is expanded to its fullest extent.

When in this position take a deep breath and fill the lungs, which are as much benefited by this exercise as the muscles.

Then repeat the process some ten times without hurrying over it.

The muscles principally developed by the movements are those of the chest and shoulders, but the body muscles are also usefully exercised.



BOOKS AS DEVELOPERS.

The bookworm may object to his beloved volumes being put to such a base use as developing the muscles of the body, but there is no doubt that they are most efficacious substitutes for dumbbells in certain exercises, and often more readily obtainable.

Choose two heavy volumes which can be gripped as shown in the illustration, and stand with the feet planted firmly apart and the hands close to the sides.

Then raise the shoulders as depicted, at the same time forcing the shoulder-blades together and tensing the muscles on the top of the shoulders.

Carry the hands a little away from the body, bending the wrists slightly, so as to turn the lower edge of the books in towards the thighs.

This will exercise the shoulders and the lungs.

Draw the body up to its fullest height and expand the chest. Remain in this position as long as you can hold your breath, and then relax the arm and shoulder muscles and drop the books to the sides.

Repeat the exercise several times night and morning.

Be especially careful not to contract the neck so as to bring the head down on to the shoulders, but keep the head erect and raise the shoulders on either side as far as possible.

GETTING READY FOR IT.

A doctrine that I am never tired of preaching where matters of physical welfare are concerned is the necessity for taking things gradually and preparing by degrees for any exceptional strain to which the physical powers are to be subjected. This applies both to matters of exercise and climate.

At the beginning of the football season, and when climatic changes of a really radical nature seem imminent, there is more than usual danger of "overdoing it."

Men who have slacked about all through the summer, with no more strenuous exercise than is afforded by a very occasional cricket match and, perhaps, garden-party tennis, will suddenly begin the shooting and football seasons with an energy that is as enthusiastic as it is unreasonable.

No man ought to make a decided change in his manner of living without some preparation. It is not really difficult to "get ready" if one will only spend a little trouble and thought about it.

Out of bed half an hour earlier in the mornings, a good brisk walk or gentle run before breakfast will work wonders in improving your wind and stamina.

A very good plan for the town-dweller, and particularly the Londoner, is to allow oneself time enough to walk everywhere instead of "'bussing and tubing" the distance. Besides helping your muscular development, you have the benefit of being in the open air all the time.

True, the open air in this case is only "London air," but it is even then far better than being shut up in a room or railway car.

One of the reasons why many people call London "stuffy" is because they do not take advantage of what fresh air there is.

SHOOTING LAW.

SOME REGULATIONS THAT ARE GENERALLY KNOWN.

Doubtless there are a great many of THE MODERN MAN to whom a shooting, whether after game or would be a delightful way of spend holiday, but they are debarred from it by recognising that the laws de the subject are so many and intricate might be very easy, quite unwitting transgress one or more of them.

Take, first of all, the question of passing. If a person shoots over boundary of his own land at game that or has been put up on the land of and then goes to pick it up or for it, he is a trespasser, and may moned. But if he fires at a bird on his own land, and then falls on th another, whether it be killed on the bo or not, he may pick it up, and take or dog into his neighbour's land with mitting a trespass.

Unfortunately this is a rule that quently abused. It will often happen man who has fired at a bird going to neighbour's land, will follow it up boundary, and pretend to search for it. while there, he will put up birds flying wards his own land, and drive them on where he will pot at them comparatively course, all this is a flagrant transgression the spirit of the law, but it is done all same.

With regard to licences, a licence in Britain, or a certificate in Ireland, is to be taken out by every person who use any dog, gun, net, or other the purpose of taking or killing game cock, snipe, quail, landrail, or rabbits.

An exception, however, is made in of the proprietor of a warren, or of closed ground, or a tenant on his or others with his permission, taking ling rabbits.

Among others exempted from taking licence to kill game are:

(*a*) Members of the Royal Family.
(*b*) Gamekeepers for Crown lands.
(*c*) Persons assisting (otherwise than guns) a duly licensed person to This exception includes beaters, stop

The duties to be paid on game are as follow:

If the licence be taken out between July 31 and November 1, July 31 of the following year, expire on October 31 of the same duty is £2.

If the licence be taken out after N ber 1 the duty is £2. But a licence or ficate to kill game may be taken out for continuous period of fourteen days, on ment of £1.

Any person licensed to kill game empted from taking out a gun licence every other person who uses *or carries* otherwise than within a dwelling-house grounds thereof, must take out a licence, for which the duty is £1. penalty for disregarding this rule is £

By the way, it is interesting to "if a gun be carried in parts by two or persons, each person is deemed to carry gun."

Now a word with regard to close Partridges may not be killed or taken tween February 1 and Septem Pheasants may not be killed or taken February 1 and October 1. Grouse may be killed or taken between December any year and August 12 in the succe year.

It is unlawful to kill any pheasants, tridges, grouse, or moor game on a Sun or Christmas Day.

J. W. ROBB

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITISH SPORT

THE NEED FOR VIGOUR AND SCIENCE.

At present we do not hold a single world's boxing championship, the "ashes" of cricket, and the lawn-tennis championship are in Australia, the world's sculling championship in New Zealand, and in other cases the most coveted trophies of the sporting world have found more or less permanent resting-place outside our country.

Now it would be easy to make too much of this state of affairs. Our sportsmen and athletes are subjected to a competition unknown, say, twenty years ago.

Then to regain the lost honours our men have in some cases to go to strange countries and to battle under unfamiliar and, perhaps, disconcerting conditions. But on the other hand the spoils were wrested from us on our own ground and with everything in our favour.

A FALLING OFF.

Allowing for increased and severe competition and other adverse factors it is not too much to say that our sporting prowess is not what it was a few years ago.

If you accept that view, what is there to account for the state of affairs?

We are often urged against Englishmen that they take sport too seriously. So far as the winning of world's championships is concerned the chief reason for our failure probably is that our men do not take themselves seriously enough.

The British athlete is apt to imagine that he can get out of training for several months and then get himself perfectly fit again in a few weeks. Athletes of other nations—America in particular—know better. I do not say that the American boxer, for example, is always tuned up to concert pitch—he would soon get stale if he were—but he never really goes out of training. He is always in such condition that very little "work" is necessary to bring him to the ring-side fit to fight for his life.

The average Briton regards the end of strict training as an excuse for jollification, and in a few days he undoes the preparation of months.

Then our men do not go about their work scientifically. The American, in particular, is always trying to discover something new, and he makes a scientific and systematic study of himself and the sport at which he desires to excel.

WHAT THE YANKEES HAVE TAUGHT US.

It was Americans who taught us the crouching start at sprinting, the crouching seat at racing, the proper way to fly hurdles, and in each case their discoveries were the result of patient study and investigation.

The "All Blacks" revolutionised our ideas of Rugby football, and again their all-conquering methods were not the outcome of chance, but of deliberate searching after improvement.

Our men are often content to rely on antiquated tactics and methods of training, and they seldom strike out a new line for themselves.

The British boxer still believes in long, exhausting walks and monotonous ball-punching. The American believes in actual boxing as the best training for a contest, and he is right. Practice alone makes perfect. Our men do practise, but usually on wrong lines.

THE IDEALS OF PRACTICE.

Practice, to be helpful, should approximate as closely as possible to the conditions of the real thing; our men practise under conditions far removed from actuality. They rely on mysteriously developing, when the time comes, knowledge and skill which they have not acquired in practice.

It may be said that the idea of making a business of sport is repugnant to the average Briton. No doubt it is, but professionals as well as amateurs fail to take their work seriously. What is the sense or use of a man taking up sport as a livelihood unless he is prepared to treat it as a business.

As for the amateurs, if they are not prepared to devote themselves heart and soul to their work, then they should not pretend to represent their country in International contests.

"Won't take the trouble" is at the root of our failures in the world's sporting arena.

Whether the fact is to be regretted or not, there is no doubt that many of our sports to-day are governed by scientific principles, and until we are willing to give the same amount of thought to the problems that they present as do our foreign competitors, we must be content to take a back place.

R. C. SWANN.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

WHEN SHALL WE HAVE REFORM?

More than once I have dealt with the crying need for reform in our methods of present-day business. I have shown, for example, how the greed, or possibly the poverty, of parents is largely responsible for much of the unhappiness at present existing among workers. In these days the battle of life is a hard one for everybody, and the man who has acquired expert knowledge of a trade is, indeed, badly handicapped. Usually the reason for his inefficiency is that, when he was a boy, his parents made a messenger of him in order that they might benefit by his wages, instead of thinking of his future.

There are many other directions in which reforms are urgently needed. The employee, by means of co-operating and the formation of Trade Unions, has gone far towards the safeguarding of his own interests, but very little has been done to protect the interests of employers.

When you advertise an appointment, making certain definite stipulations as to age, experience, and qualifications, and offering a certain salary. You get in some hundreds of replies, and you are lucky if, amongst those hundreds, you find five that are worth troubling about.

The wise employer reads the applications himself, for the ability of his assistants is an important matter. It is a sheer waste of time to allow him to wade through applications from persons who are obviously unqualified, and it occurs to me that one reform that might well be introduced would be a sort of Government Bureau, which would fully investigate claims of proficiency in certain trades, and would then grant certificates for such proficiency. Then when an applicant applied for a post, he would simply have to enclose a copy of such certificate.

At present it is necessary for an employer to waste much time in dealing with applications where facts are vaguely stated, and in interviewing impossible applicants — so much so that often he decides to keep on the man whose work is unsatisfactory, rather than put himself to the trouble of finding a new man.

Hence the slack employee is allowed to retain his position, and to keep out another man who is more competent, and who is eager and willing to work for his employer, and, indirectly, for the general prosperity of the country.

The prosperity of the country is a thing which should have more consideration than it receives both from employers and from employees.

If the country is prosperous, there is, as the saying goes, money about, and we all benefit.

National prosperity is a tremendously difficult thing to understand or to improve, and it is lamentable that it should be at the mercy of political parties.

Many remedies have been suggested—whether we believe them to be good or bad depends on our political opinions.

One thing, however, is certain, and that is that for national prosperity we must have a better working understanding between employer and employee.

In that way only can we strengthen our commercial defences against all comers.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

ROOSEVELT.

As I predicted last week, Mr. Roosevelt is not going to take a back seat. On the contrary, he evidently intends being very much to the front. I sincerely trust he will successfully fight corruption and "graft," as by so doing he will save immense sums annually to the shareholders in American Railroads and Industrials.

DISQUIETING.

A rather disquieting factor that is causing considerable worry to the big American financial houses is the trade balance. Owing to the immense natural resources of America, she has been able in the past to pay her debts to the rest of the world in produce; but the returns just published show that she is not doing so at present and, unless she is able to export cotton, wheat, and other things of considerable monetary value within the next few months, the position will be interesting if not serious; consequently, though the prices of American shares are on the up grade, it behoves speculators and investors not to go in too deeply, and to be satisfied with reasonable profits.

MORE ABOUT MEXICANS.

Almost all Mexican shares have been improving during the last few days, and everything points to much higher prices for Mexican railway stocks. The traffic statement for July was excellent, but that of August will be very much better. I am advised by those in the know to buy the National Railways of Mexico Second Preferred $100 shares, now standing at 32, for a quick rise.

Grand Trunk stocks keep improving in price, and the Third Preference are good for a rise of from ten to twenty points during the next few months. Canadian Pacifics also seem good for a further improvement.

RUBBER AND OIL.

There does not seem to be much doing in this market at present, but experts are predicting increased business and prices in the autumn.

Speculative investors in search of a low-priced share cannot do better than buy Camp Bird Options at the present price of 4s.

There is no further liability, and intrinsically these Option certificates are, in my opinion, worth double their present price; and, with the mine doing so well, very little buying would cause the price to move quickly to 10s. or 12s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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A SKETCH.

The Regicides.

By F. T. MANSON.

It was in his very palace that I read it, and it was one, Dovy, his prime minister, who placed the document before me.

"I didn't expect this yet," said the Right Honourable Mr. Dovy. He tried to tear it up, but his Majesty's Government always writes on very strong paper that does not easily tear when folded to fit a business-size envelope. The Right Honourable Mr. Dovy, you must understand, was always right upon matters appertaining to the setting-up of goal-posts, marking of outside lines, and such-like little things that go to make up a football field of the very finest description. Also, he was as honourable as any recreation-ground keeper that you will find this side of the equator. That he served the recreation-ground committee of a town council instead of the Government was a loss—to the Government.

To go back to that document signed by the Town Clerk, which Mr. Dovy did not expect so early, the terms in which it was couched demanded immediate action. It was plain that he who had ruled from May to September was to have the final seal set upon his articles of abdication that very day.

"Where's Tiggs—and Wilks—and that lazy-boned Danter?" The Right Honourable held up the fiat from the council chamber and brandished it before the eyes of his lanky son and heir. "Tennis courts? There's no call to mark out tennis courts to-day. Danter's idee? . . . Of course! Danter's idee is to work as little as he bloomin' well can. . . . And that's the sort of chap they give me for assistant-groundsman. Ought to ha' bin porter at a croquet-club tournament."

The Right Honourable sniffed contemptuously.

The two things that made life a burden to him were the Ladies' Croquet Club and Daniel Danter, assistant groundsman.

"Fetch those fellers immejiate," he concluded. "This 'ere letter's perempt."

The three of us wandered along the stone-flagged hall past the cabinet-like dressing-room on the one hand and the lockers on the other. We were merely in the hollow foundation of the grand stand that looked out on to a realm of sport that has its very own Cricket Week.

The lockers were marked with the white initials of certain names that are famous in tabulated batting averages. A faint aroma of oil and embrocation struggled to vanquish the atmosphere of rank whitewash. Upon the frosted, ground-ward-looking *oeils-de-bœuf* were drawn strange caricatures, and many a waiting batsman had watched through the scratched panes the fall of his immediate predecessor's wicket—seen him come off the field grave or gay, amid applause or disappointed silence.

We discovered the unshorn Tiggs, the morbid Wilks, and the indolent Danter in the net-house by the tennis pavilion, searching, as they said, for weaknesses in the tennis nets.

"Look no further," observed the Right Honourable, acridly. "It's in your 'eads. Listen to this."

After two minor stumbles over the bigger words he went on smoothly, even to the signature of the Town Clerk. The proclamation was duly read. I looked around for the heralds. Wilks sighed and let the net drop, Tiggs tripped over it, Danter swore, and finally—with myself as a volunteer—we sallied forth to perform the deed.

Tiggs, Danter, and the Right Honourable made light of the whole affair. They were at heart regicides, I felt sure. Yet Wilks seemed to have feelings, whether he was sorry to see King Willow deposed or mourned the fact that he could not continue with the fascinating task of looking for weaknesses in tennis nets, I do not know. I gave him the benefit of the doubt and sounded him.

He became one walking sneer at the mention of the word "Cricket."

"As a *game* it ain't within a thousand miles o' football," said he, "but as a rest-combined-with-'ealth-and-amoosement cure for flannelled fools it wants whackin'. I like to watch it on a hot afternoon. I think to meself 'ow them that's fieldin' must laugh at the fellers who are flinging 'emselves about bowlin', battin', or runnin'. . . . Yes, give me long-stop and the daily paper and I'll play cricket, long as you like. Ha, ha!"

"Dovy, what's this?" Ahead of Wilks and me, Daniel Danter had stooped and picked up something that squiggled. I noticed that we were upon that half of the green that was exclusively under the head groundsman's charge.

It seemed that the Right Honourable paled a little under his tanned skin. "A worm!" he exclaimed half apologetically, half reproachfully (to the worm). He extracted from his pocket a Colman's mustard tin and dropped the daring reptile into it, shutting the box very carefully. A worm—in the limits of the crease too! Dovy stooped down and smoothed the earthy "cast" level, conscious that this was an hour of triumph for the discursive Danter.

Above us, the sun shone through a grey veil, and there was the pinch of coming winter in the air. I watched while Wilks, the net expert, got out the brown, weather-worn goal nets, watched the strong men of the party shoulder the goal-posts, and march out to a place duly measured that very morning by the Right Honourable.

"Phew!" said the Right Honourable Mr. Dovy. It was his only emotion. There was the lumped-up block (where nervous bats had taken their stand) in mid-field.

"That must be seen to at once," said Mr. Dovy.

For myself, when he had duplicated the operation at the other end of the pitch, I gazed rather sorrowfully on the scene of desolation, and on the fading, washed-out white that marked the limitations of the courts of King Willow.

Across the ground some half-dozen young men came running.

Dovy held up a hand of large proportions.

"No use, gentlemen!" he said. "Practice nets are put away for good, this season. . . . Look at this 'ere from the Town Clerk. 'Prepare the ground immediately for Football.' So, gentlemen, there's no bats, stumps, or those 'arf-busted cricket balls available."

The biggest young man of all seized him in vice-like fingers.

"Practice nets!" said he contemptuously. "Who the devil asked you for practice nets? Chuck us the punt-about ball, and be quick about it, Dovy, you old blackguard!"

And then I knew it was King Leather who reigned.

THE WORKING MAN'S CL

HOW IT IS TOO OFTEN A CU TO ITS PATRONS.

By A CLUB STEWARD.

There was a time once when the exclusive luxury of the wealt recognised social position. But men of every social grade have a certain number derive benefit from

On the other hand, there are many to whom—though they perhaps know it—the club is a curse. The patrons of the working-men's club

Before starting on my principal the insidious harm done by such I should like to make it clear erroneous impression is given by the "working-men's club."

There are, of course, a good many working-men—artisans, labourers, but there is, also, a very large le clerks, canvassers, shop-assistants, forth—the sort of men, in fact, who not be allowed to travel on rail working-men's rates. I mention this to point out that the real object of is not to provide cheap and healthy rec for the labouring element, but rather duct the business of an ordinary public-

Such clubs are generally formed by a band of fairly well-to-do men, who committee, engage premises, obtain the sary licence from Somerset House, make arrangements with a firm of br for the supply of beer and spirits average subscription charged is about crown a quarter, and the rather dubi vantages offered are glasses of beer instead of 2d., a general smoking room billiards at reduced rates.

But the quality of the drink that is supplied may be gathered from this which is true. At one club where as steward, I was told that a reas profit of say 2½ per cent. on the outl drink was not sufficient. A surplus of so per quarter was insisted upon by the mittee. Naturally, I asked how it was done. The chairman answered, airily, it's easy! Give short measure. Save heeltaps of glasses, and serve them out and so on ——"

The contemptible methods adopt brewers to oust a rival firm would ha believed. One club I worked for had satisfactorily supplied by a well-known about fourteen years, but one day the of a new brewery came in, slipp sovereign into my hand, and whispered want my firm to supply this club. *spile* all the beer in your cellar; and do the rest."

To put a "hard spile" into a beer has the effect of turning th thick and sour—so the nature of the tion will be understood. The man w of the club quicker than he came in significant fact is that he aft "squared" my committee and I was

Working-men's clubs do more to wasters than any other agency I know. a sweeping statement, but it hardly admi argument, that the average working-man longing to such a club, and falling work, has a much easier time than if he not a member. He is tempted after for work to sit in the club drinking expense of his pals, and little by little time he spends seeking employment less and less.

In seeking the fundamental cause prevalence of drink, reformers are apt to pass over these clubs. They are means so strictly supervised as publ and drinking goes on there often 1.30 a.m.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S HOLIDAY

By ADAM STERN.

"You can read Spanish," I observed. "What are Fernandez Hermanos, of Bilbao, Spain, writ-ing about?"

"One of our customers of Ortega's, our agent there," said Graill, as he took the letter. "I don't know, but it's unusual for them to correspond with us direct. Generally every-thing is done through Ortega."

"It's merely to say," explained Graill, after a pause, "that Juan Fernandez, one of the principal brothers of the firm, is coming to Eng-land, and will do us the honour of calling on us while he's here. Should mean book-ing a good order."

"Fernandez Hermanos," reflected Richard. "Isn't a firm I told Ortega to choke off for being slow in their payments."

"I believe it is," said Graill. "Half a minute, I'll look it up in the ledger."

"It was ninety days, and they took six months," observed Richard, whose memory was reliable.

"Ortega spoke well of them in spite of that," said Graill. "You recollect how he grumbled at our refusing to do any more busi-ness with them."

"Yes. Well, I'm ready to re-open if they come to my terms. Mr. Juan Fernandez will have that information without any softening. Does he say what day he may come?"

"No."

"To-day's Thursday. He's hardly likely to get here this week. I'm rather glad of that. The works extension—such as it is—will be completed to-night, and by Monday we'll have the half-dozen new forges erected and going."

"We're going some," said Graill, with a laugh.

"Result of the bit we made out of Maxley's contract," said Richard, contentedly. "I'm going to hoard my capital, you can bet your boots!"

"Hear, hear!" agreed Graill. "I tell you it's been as good as a holiday to see that new shop sprout up."

"I think it has," said Richard, fervently.

And he went out to look at it.

* * * * * *

Juan Fernandez presented himself during the following week, and proved an exceedingly courteous gentleman, as well as one who gave the impression of being an affluent man.

Fortunately for Richard he spoke English, which Richard had the Englishman's fault of assuming that there is only one language worth knowing beneath the sun—and a day was spent in discussing business, and another in convincing the visitor that the Black Country, notwithstanding its name, has by environing it fit to compare with any part of Castilia.

During this latter recreation Graill's horse was exceptioned, and when the Spaniard had de-parted Richard dubbed him "a jolly fine chap," which, for him, was high praise.

"What about business?" asked Graill.

"A two-hundred-pound order," replied Richard; "and we shall probably be doing a deal a month with him in future."

"Payment ninety days?"

"Yes, ninety days," agreed Richard.

"And you're sure he's sound?"

"Sound? right enough!" said Richard. "He carries a banker's reference entitling him to credit up to ten thousand."

"Then why be so long stumping up last month?"

"Oh," said Richard, with a peculiar in-tonation. "The Spaniard's curse—*manana*—I sup-pose."

"Perhaps," said Richard, "There's cer-tainly a good deal of that 'to-morrow' tendency about most of Ortega's customers. Reach me down the ledger."

He took a memorandum, and, going through the folios, began rapidly to make notes.

"Fernandez bought off anybody else in Moulden?" inquired Graill casually. His hat was on, ready to start for home, for the time was evening, and this access of energy on Richard's part was taking place after seeing Fernandez off at the station.

"Not chain," answered Richard. "Galvanised holloware, tinware, and nails in pretty good quantities. Fernandez Hermanos have a big general store in Bilbao, you know."

"So long as we've scooped his custom in our own particular line, that's all right," said Graill, who was making conversation while Richard was busy. "He'll be visiting other towns before he returns, I suppose?"

"He's working northwards," replied Richard. "He's already been to London. He won't be back in Bilbao for about a month."

"Oh, yes," said Graill, only half-interested.

"I shall be there next week," said Richard.

"*Eh?*" Graill suddenly woke up.

"I catch the Channel boat to-morrow," continued Richard, still engrossed, "and travel overland. Lord knows how I shall get on without knowing the lingo, but I'm going."

"What for?"

"Well, things are brightening up. And I can do with a holiday."

Graill stared a little incredulously.

"Ah, I see," he said, after consideration. "you intend to mix business with pleasure. On the spot you'll be able to satisfy yourself that the credentials of Fernandez are all they appear to be."

"That's it," said Richard, standing up. "Just a minute. I want to take with me a few of Ortega's letters."

"How long do you expect to be away?" inquired Graill at the door.

"Not much over a fortnight, all being well," said Richard over his shoulder; "but everything's all right at this end."

For a moment there was a grim expression on his companion's face.

"You remember the last time you left me in charge?" he said.

"When things went smash," said Richard unconcernedly. "Yes, but that won't happen again. The enemies we've got now are not here."

He turned. Graill opened the door, warned by the thought of how Richard consistently refused to attribute blame to him for that past catastrophe. And thus he failed to notice that Richard's final remark might be read to contain a double meaning.

"By the way," observed Richard, as they were riding home, "if you should chance to be writing Ortega in the next day or two, don't mention my coming. I've a fancy to give him a pleasant surprise."

II.

Seventeen days had elapsed when, at five o'clock one afternoon, Richard walked into the office as though he had only been absent seventeen minutes.

"Hullo," said Graill, with a smile that showed he had missed him. "Jove, you're looking well."

"Never better," said Richard. "How have you been getting on?"

"How have you?"

"Your news first. What's turned up in the way of orders?"

"Nothing startling—but enough to keep us busy."

He gave Richard a brief account.

The latter nodded. "Mustn't grumble," he said. "I've managed to get one or two myself. Have a look at them"—he passed the batch over—"while I take a glance at the works. The new men been giving satisfac-tion?"

"Tip-top," answered Graill, and would have added more only that Richard had gone.

When he returned Graill was looking ex-ultant.

"I say, you've been hustling," he ex-claimed. "These orders total something. You haven't given much time to play, I should think."

"It's been all play," said Richard. "More so than you'd guess or than I'd anticipated. I've sacked Ortega."

"Sacked Ortega! Why?"

"Because he's a rotter. Sit down and light your pipe. I'll tell you the story from the beginning.

"I didn't go to Bilbao to satisfy myself about Fernandez. I was satisfied before-hand. His references were O.K., and his style was enough for me. But he gave me a piece of information which made me prick up my ears. He said, my dear Jim, that he had never extended those bills of Ortega's—that he had paid up strictly in the ninety days."

Graill whistled.

"That was fishy, wasn't it? No; I let out nothing to Fernandez, but, it sort of hinted that Ortega was holding on to my money for a purpose of his own. And if he would tell that lie about one customer, he would tell it about a dozen.

"I wasn't sure, but it was decidedly neces-sary to find out. So I dropped into Bilbao like a bolt from the blue skies last Wednes-day week to interview the gentleman.

"I had seen him before. He came here in person to obtain the agency some years ago. That was before your time—and when I was a bit greener than I am now. Still, there was nothing to complain about in his methods, and, as you know, I renewed re-lations with him as soon as I began to feel my feet after the smash.

"He's not an ordinary type of agent, you must understand. He works a tolerably large merchant business with it—receives goods on consignment, disposes of them for the best he can get, and renders an account to the supplier—a faked account in most cases, unless I'm mistaken.

"Well, we entrusted him with the manage-ment of our financial affairs; that's the part of the matter with which we're principally concerned,

"I just walked in. He's got substantial offices, and a big brass plate, with a spacious warehouse adjoining, 'Felipe Ortega, Agente Comercial,' was the name upon the plate, and ditto was printed upon a door inside the office. That was the door I made for, though a young Spanish clerk had ideas that I ought to send my card in first. At least, that was what I judged his chatter to mean.

"You should have seen the jaw of Mr. Philip Ortega drop when he saw me.

"He is a moon-faced, liverish, sleek-looking man of about fifty, quite gentle to look at when he's happy, I should say; but ugly as a seal at that moment. Of course, he got over it instanter, and jumped to his feet with a smile, but I knew all the same I hadn't come to Spain on a fool's errand.

"'Just having a short holiday,' I mentioned, as we shook hands.

"And off he went like steam, telling me of the places I ought to visit and the wonderful things I should see.

"Well, I let him talk. He speaks English like a native—at one time he was foreign-correspondence clerk to a firm of merchants in London—and when he appeared to have finished,' I said:

"'I've had a call from Mr. Juan Fernandez.'

"That shook him up a bit, and he wanted to know when and where. I told him, and also mentioned the rather curious incident of the deferred bill. After argument, contradiction, and the display of unnecessary surprise, he rang for a clerk, got the bill-book, and was desolated to find that an unfortunate error had been made.

"I brought a memorandum out of my pocket.

"'While we're about it,' I said, 'we may as well see whether the same mistake has been made about these.'

"The memorandum contained notes of overdue accounts, and his yellow face went yellower still as I handed it over.

"'It is impossible,' he said.

"'They haven't paid?' I asked him.

"'Assuredly not,' he answered. 'Had they done so I should have remitted the amounts to you.'

"You grasp his difficulty, Jim? He had got to show fight or admit he'd been defrauding me; and, of course, in the latter case, if I showed him up he'd be ruined.

"'Very well,' I said, 'I shall have to go and ask them why they haven't.'

"And at that he crumpled up.

"'You would lose their custom,' he said, a trifle wildly.

"'I can do without their custom if they don't pay,' I said; 'but shall we take it for granted that they have paid, and save time?'

"'What are you going to do?' he asked.

"'Settle up,' I said.

"He looked at me from under his eyelids, and then opened the top drawer of his desk and pulled out a revolver."

"Oho!" Graill interjected.

"No danger," said Richard; "he didn't mean it for me. Besides, I was sitting on the other side of the desk within a yard of him, and there was a ruler handy. No, he simply put it down on the blotting-pad, and said:

"'I can't settle. I'm in a hole as deep as hell. If I'm left alone I shall wriggle out somehow. If you force my hand I shall end the matter with this.'

"I came to the conclusion then that others were involved, and that he was a bigger blackguard than I had imagined. Still, I stuck to my point.

"'You'll settle up,' I said, 'before I leave Bilbao. That's what I'm here for.'

"He slowly raised the gun to his forehead, with an eye on me to see whether I was impressed. I am rather afraid that I smiled.

"'I am in deadly earnest,' he said.

"'Fire away, then,' said I.

"'You will get nothing if I do.'

"'It will be worth the money,' I said, and he chucked the gun on the desk with a curse.

"We got back to essentials after that, and at length it was arranged I should call the next evening for the money. He would have to dispose of somebody else's stock, he informed me; but that was his affair.

"I occupied the interval with fixing up a new agent, and, with him for company as interpreter, we made a few sales. At the time appointed—but I'm forgetting. The night before, as I was returning to my hotel along a dark street, a couple of cloaked chaps lounged up, and if I hadn't been on the *qui vive* I should have been neatly stuck in the back. It was a reminder that Mr. Philip Ortega was still showing fight.

"Sometimes a man feels extra fit. I was feeling like that then, and I trust I didn't hit either of them too hard.

"Well, when I got to the office the clerks had gone—a hint that there was some game to play. So I was scarcely surprised when I marched through to Ortega's sanctum and found him in company with two *caballeros*, one of whom wore a black eye which might have been my doing on the previous night.

"'Just tell your friends to keep away from the door,' said I, to *amigo* Philip, as I tumbled to them edging in its direction. 'I've learnt to shoot straight from inside my pocket.'

"This was a piece of bluff, because all I was pointing at him was the stem of my pipe, but it served.

"He had got the money, but he had first a polite request to make. Oh, so polite! Your feet would have itched to kick him, Jim, if you'd viewed the smile which went with it. I was to promise not to give him away—that was it in short, though it took him a longer time to say it. He would be content with an Englishman's word of honour, and so forth. Well I wasted no words."

Graill, in the pause, hitched himself forward a little with anticipation.

"The money was there in front of me on the desk, with only his trembling fingers to guard it, and it belonged to me, so I took it."

"Yes, damn it, but how?" Graill jerked.

Richard laughed.

"Bashed him," he said. "Clean under the chin. And his chair went with him. Then I took the *caballeros* by the scruff of the neck, knocked their heads together, pocketed the money, and walked out. They were only whipper-snappers, so there was no credit in it.

"There's some satisfaction in fighting an Englishman, even if he's a wrong 'un, but there isn't any in dealing with the foreign rough.

"Gad! I feel as if I must wash my hands again, just because I laid fingers on them.

"Now, that's the lot; and I've talked myself dry. We'll have a drink at Mark's before we start for Darley."

"Did you advertise the sort of man he was?" asked Graill, as a last word.

"Not I," said Richard. "There's a special hell for informers."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

Much interest is being taken at present as to who is the writer of a book called "Pause," published by Greenings. It is known by the bookstall clerks and newsagents as the "book with the uplifted hand," on account of the exceedingly striking cover.

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THE GIRLS MEN LIKE

A FEW POPULAR FALLACIES

Various misleading ideas are often [in]to girls' minds by articles in [the] journals as to the manifold virtues [to] of them by the young men of to-day.

As a matter of fact, while the [modern] is by no means averse to his [future] bride acquiring as much knowledge of peculiar duties as she possibly can, [he] not half so exacting in that respect as represented to be.

At any rate, he most certainly [does] show any preference for the girl who her looks and neglects all other [interests] her over-anxiety to become a good [cook] Such an anxiety, perhaps, has been caused by well-meant harpings on the statement that the one outstanding [qualification] tion for matrimony is to know how "feed the brute."

An adequate knowledge of the [culinary] art will often effectually settle a set domestic bickerings, and no one would fore, belittle its importance. But the girl puts the manipulation of pots and pans almost everything else, and thereby [loses] the unmistakable odour of the range, becomes very distasteful to those with she is brought into contact, although her skill may have excited admiration. regard of a real man can never be solely by exquisite cooking.

Another misconception which [prevails] with regard to the question of dress manner in which some girls nowadays attention to the simplicity, plainness above all, the cheapness of their [attire] enough to give outsiders the impression the once passionate, self-sacrificing [Rose] now nothing but the personification of calculated meanness.

True, no man wishes to see his decked out in the style of the fairy [Queen] in a pantomime. But, on the other hand, compliment is it to his nature if she herself in the belief that he will [look] economy with a view to being able to up, or spend on himself, the money [saved] her dressing allowance?

When a man realises that such a as that is dominating his sweetheart's he promptly seeks another, who, while ing her tastes within reasonable limits give him credit for possessing a broader and a more liberal spirit.

It is also quite true that a man [takes] a very long time before trusting his with a girl who lives in a constant [round] skating-rinks, music-halls, and dances that fact ought not to cause so many fair sex to rush to the opposite extreme. man worth having would think of [making] the girl of his choice to lead a drab uneventful life, before being convinced her fidelity.

The man who shows no inclination entertain his sweetheart at proper times seasons will never make a thoughtful generous husband, and is not a type to be couraged.

Lastly—and this is an old idea rather than a new one—a large proportion girls still imagine that the "clinging kind of wife has a preference in the minds men over the self-reliant type symbolised the sturdy oak. This belief is also false. Men do not favour the girl who [does] nothing for herself, any more than they the one who will on no account allow [them] to do the slightest thing on her behalf.

The popular girl is the one who self-reliant, appreciates little services rendered in a tactful, unobtrusive [manner] characteristic of the true gentleman.

WILFRED V. BA

BRIEF REPLIES.

...is heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of ...est. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt ...ired a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

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...Walthamstow).—The competition for pur- ...on the ocean-going liners is very great, ...successful applicants are usually those ...uence. But you never know your luck ...try.

...(Alnwick).—The article on "Hoof- ...appeared in No. 82.

...(Weston-super-Mare).—Dip the razor in ...ater before you shave, and strop it regu- ...ou won't find it such a painful process

...(Balham).—You can blacken brown boots ...g them with black leather dye, a three- ...ttle of which can be bought from most ... It will, of course, be necessary to ...he brown eyelets and hooks, and replace ...h black ones.

...(Manchester).—You could never build ...cessful practice as a veterinary surgeon ...aving the necessary degree.

...(Lambeth).—We quite agree with you ...y of the railway companies do not give ...ies they ought to give to those of their ... desire to become Territorials.

...NSON, 2, Roporton Road, Fulham, S.W., ...correspond with stewards on board liners.

...(Glasgow).—We never permit advertisers ...r pages if we receive complaints as to ...tment of their customers. We have had ...aints regarding the firm you mention.

...244, Woodborough Road, Nottingham, ...hear from readers in New Zealand who ...rned with sheep-farming.

...W. (Aberdeen) sends us a wrapper in ...copy of this paper has been posted to ... Elgin. "This shows," he says, "that I ...ny extra to pay because the weight is ... ounces. This has occurred once or ...s the charge a right one? If so, why is it ...s charged? I enjoy your excellent paper, ...anding the extra copper." We ask you ...cial favour not to fly to conclusions. ...happy to say that in Aberdeen, as in ...er city and town in Britain, we have ...ders who are only too happy to buy their ...r themselves, so as to do us a bit of ...tead of having a copy posted to them ...ne in Elgin or elsewhere. Don't suppose ...cotsmen are like A. J. D. W., because it ... As for his trouble, he had better institute ...oceedings forthwith against the Post

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...dinburgh).—We don't pretend to be able ...iddles. Take this sort of question to the ..."Pearson's Weekly" or "Answers."

...H. (Southsea), **W. J. W.** (Seacombe), **J. R.** ...n), **H. P.** (Newcastle), **W. H.** (Brixton), **J. W.** ... **A. C.** (Manchester), **F. H. A.** (Rochdale), ...ncaster), **LADY READER** (Portrush), **C. H.** ... **G. U.** (Christchurch), **J. L. H.** (King's ... **W. H.** (Bournemouth), **J. E. B.** (Stafford), ...erpool), **B. G.** (Chesterfield), **P. C. C.** (Laxey), ...ghton), **H. R. M.** (Newport Pagnell).—Our ...gards and best wishes to you.

Garden Notes

The man who goes in for growing chrysanthemums at all is most apt to develop a sort of mania for them and to devote all his time and energies to them to the detriment of the garden.

It is true that to produce prize blooms is a pastime that demands a lavish expenditure of time and money, but the flower is well worth growing for its own sake.

The cuttings, which should be suckers from an old stem, are potted in December or January, and repotted from time to time into larger pots, until they are finally put into their flowering pots (eight- or nine-inch ones) in June.

In order to secure a good bloom, however, all buds that appear before the end of August or first part of September should be rubbed off, and three of the wood growths that appear at the base of the leaves should be allowed to remain.

The flower-bud that should be chosen usually appears about this time of year. The three wood buds which appear at the base must be carefully broken off. If great care is not taken the flower-bud may be broken, too, and in that case a whole season is lost.

By the end of September the plants should be housed, to avoid early frosts, but they must be allowed plenty of air.

Throughout their growth the plants must be fed plentifully with manure and watched for insect pests.

* * *

Chrysanthemums of the show variety, however, are a luxury that is possible only to the man who has a "bit of glass" available.

The smaller kinds which flower through the late summer and autumn and do very well in town gardens are more suitable for the average amateur and require little attention.

A little old mortar worked into the soil just before planting out in May and a sprinkling of guano at intervals will prove beneficial and will produce fine flowers until the frosts begin.

Early-flowering single chrysanthemums can now be raised from seed like half-hardy annuals, to bloom in August.

* * *

Among the bulbs that should be planted this month irises are most important. Roman hyacinths for early flowering should also be potted in light rich soil.

For indoor growing fill the pot with as many bulbs as it will hold without their actually touching each other. A little sand should be put under and over the bulbs.

Gladioli that flowered in pots and were then planted out may now be lifted and repotted.

Other bulbs that may be planted now for winter flowering, and are especially suitable for window-box growth, are crocuses, snowdrops, scillas, and above all chionodoxas. The latter Alpine plant deserves greater popularity than it has. It produces a very beautiful and showy little blue flower.

Most enthusiastic gardeners are being inundated just now with catalogues of bulbs, most of them things of beauty. It is hardly necessary to emphasise the necessity of patronising a firm with a reputation.

C. B. STAINER.

HAVE MUSIC-HALLS RUINED WRESTLING?

SIDELIGHTS ON CHAMPIONS OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

To the man who follows the movements of professional wrestlers, it becomes more obvious day by day that the music-hall is responsible in no small degree for the state of absolute chaos which prevails in wrestling as regards a recognised champion.

No one, for instance, questions the right of Johnson to be regarded as the champion heavy-weight boxer until he meets and is defeated by a better man. If he should refuse to defend the title, it would not be doubted that he had forfeited the right to retain it.

Arnst, again, is undisputed champion in the sculling world, and no ex-champion who refuses to meet him would dare to assume the title.

In other branches of sport one can point with some degree of certainty to one individual and say: "That is the champion." But can the same be said with regard to wrestling?

We have Gotch, Cherpillod, Hackenschmidt, and several others, all claiming to be the champion heavy-weight wrestler of the world, and raking in large salaries, on the self-assumed title of champion, from various music-halls.

Why does this state of affairs exist? It exists, and will continue as long as music-hall managers are content to regard the matter from a monetary standpoint and accept the spurious article for the genuine. These men, instead of being allowed to stalk about in the limelight, should be compelled to meet one another in some genuine tournament, where there are referees who really understand their business and who are not to be swayed by the attitude of the spectators. Until then this absurd state of affairs will continue.

What is wanted is a governing body whose duty it would be to weed out from these numerous claimants the real champion, and, having found him, see that all reasonable challenges thrown out to this individual are not "side-stepped."

Matches should take place at stated periods, provided, of course, that the claims of the aspiring champions have some weight behind them. Then we should no longer hear of men who won the championship six years ago still posing as champions and avoiding all genuine matches where the least danger of a reverse might occur.

In amateur wrestling there is a governing body which weeds out each year champions at their respective weights. If the winner of the previous year does not defend his title, he is no longer regarded as the champion.

Why cannot the same method be applied to professional wrestling?

A tournament should take place annually, as it does at present, but instead of the entry being optional, it should be compulsory. It would separate the chaff from the grain, and all doubts as to who is the champion would be removed.

If you are a wrestling devotee you will receive more genuine satisfaction from watching an amateur contest than from sitting in the stalls while a professional "waltz-me-round-again-Willie" show is in progress.

In all too many instances there is abundant evidence that the men who come from the audience in answer to the loud-voiced challenge of the music-hall champion are paid by him to go down if he thinks they look at all dangerous. Where the challenger is a professional, the matter is frequently squared by the making of a satisfactory arrangement in the dividing of the "gate."

O. A. DAVIES.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE MATTER OF SIZE.

It seems to me that the study of men's fashions is a most interesting one, as showing the spirit of the age. Ten years ago, we had very narrow, very exact, and very dogmatic views; to-day our views are wider all round—the Liberal sees that there is some truth in the views of the Conservative, and the Conservative admits that there may be some merit in Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues—in a word our outlook is bigger.

It may sound ridiculous to deduce any sort of analogy between the two facts, but this width of outlook has, in some mysterious manner, coincided with a greater ease and freedom in men's fashions.

Only a little while ago it was the habit for a man to have his cap fitting close to his head—you notice the survival of this fashion in the athletic club caps worn at the present day. Now the cap which a man wears is easy-fitting and roomy; in fact, the easier it is, and the larger it is, the more certain may you be that he has bought it at a first-class hatter's.

I can well remember the time when a man squeezed his feet into as small a size of boot as would fit him, and his hands into as small gloves as he could press upon them.

Now a man's gloves and his boots are easy and comfortable; if you find a man wearing gloves that are buttoned with difficulty across his palm, you set him down as ill-dressed, and if you find a man wearing boots that are ridiculously tight and obviously uncomfortable, you may set him down as a silly fop—or a foreigner.

SPUR MARKS.

Several readers have written to me asking how they can remove the black marks left by spurs on brown boots. You know the marks I mean; they show up where the inside of the spur has pressed against the boot, and also where the chain passing underneath the instep has touched the leather.

I presume that these inquiries come from Yeomanry readers who have returned from camp with their boots badly marked, and who desire to press these boots into civilian use; but the hints that I am giving may be useful to civilian horsemen as well.

Ordinary boot polish and a rag will not remove these marks. The only way to get rid of them is to rub them well with soap and water.

Undoubtedly this will take off the surface polish from the leather, and will also leave it rather lighter in shade than the rest of the boot. All you can do to restore the leather to its former colour is to apply plenty of polish to the parts affected.

I rather think, however, that there are many of my readers who will not desire to remove the spur marks altogether from their boots. After all, boots showing these marks have something of the attraction of a pair of leggings that show the rubbing of the saddle on the inside.

They have seen service and proclaim their wearer to be a horseman.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FASHION.

It is a good thing that modern fashion has changed as it has done, and it is interesting to look at the causes which have been responsible for this change.

First and foremost I should put the influence of the Universities.

Some few years ago, when, with the introduction of cheap factory-made suits, every townee became an apparent gentleman, the undergraduates of our English Universities decided—one might almost say in self-defence—to make a difference between themselves and the others.

The easiest and the best way for them to do so, was to wear easier, and, in a sense, less fashionable clothes.

Thus it happened that the favourite garb at our Universities became a pair of loose flannel trousers, a Norfolk jacket, and dancing pumps. The townee would not dare to appear at his office or at his shop in such raiment, although the undergraduate could very well do so at his lectures.

It is little things that influence fashion, and this is one of them. Easiness and convenience became the key-note to any further development in masculine modes, and to-day we find the well-dressed man wearing a permanent turn-up at the bottom of his trousers, the bottom button of his waistcoat always unfastened, wearing soft-fronted shirts, and often soft-cuffed ones, and all because it is not only comfortable but fashionable.

Let us trust that any further development in masculine fashions will be on the same convenient and comfortable lines.

A TIE HINT.

The other day I made a little discovery which may be useful to some of my readers.

Amongst my most valued possessions are the club and regimental colours which I have from time to time acquired the right to wear; of course, they take the form of ties.

One of these ties I have worn frequently with a double collar, but never, till the other day, did I wear it with a single one. With a double collar it looks very well indeed, but with a single collar it is anything but becoming. The reason is that the colours on it consist of diagonal stripes in strong contrast to one another, and a band of such stripes showing round your neck somehow or another catches the eye, and almost gives the impression that your head has been severed from your body.

Of course, there are many club ties that one can wear with a single collar, but with strongly-marked stripes, or strongly contrasting colours, are, I think, best with a double one.

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Sept. 17.

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